The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 318 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2468.

THE LONG TO-MORROW.

Old age that strains the web of life,
And checks that shuttle's eager paces,
Brings rest from all the world's vain strife,
And leaves an old man to old faces;
And still my heart beats warmly yet,
Although grandchildren play before me,
And I can easily forget
That eighty summers have passed o'er me.

Sweet maiden, with the downcast eyes,
To whom my grandson gayly chatters,
And treasures up the low replies
You make on many foolish matters;
I wonder when a dearer name
He whispers through those shining tresses,
If you'll believe I've done the same,
And thrilled a heart with my caresses!

And when my youngest joined his ship,
So tearful at the sad home faces,
Shrunk at his mother's quivering lip,
The while he sighed for far-off places—
I wonder if he ever thought
I had my dreams of earth and glory;
But silvered hairs have stormy taught
The worth of that heroic story.

And often in the mazy throng,
When little feet are lightly dancing,
And as each maiden whirls along,
The bonny eyes give sweeter glancing,
I sit apart and idly dream
That my fair youth has not departed,
And other hopes and fancies seem
To leave me far more tender hearted.

My life's gay Spring had many joys,
The Summer brought me love's first roses,
The Autumn gave me my brave boys,
I wait until the Winter closes.
Each season has in order brought
The mingled flowers of joy and sorrow,
And many an earnest lesson taught—
And so I wait the long to-morrow.

THE BOY ROTHSCHILD AND THE YOUNG PRINCE.

THE

ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH,

AUTHOR OF "FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG PRINCE AND THE JEW BOY.

"We are through now, are we not? Now, can we go back to the palace for dinner?"

"No, my prince, not yet; we have not yet viewed all the objects of interest in this great free town of Frankfort, and as we must journey away again immediately after dinner, it is needful to get through first."

"But what can there be yet to see?" asked the Prince with a yawn. "I do assure you, Herr Hofmeister*, I shall forget half that I have seen—it is too much for me to remember, and my noble mother will be displeased if I retain nothing of all that she has allowed me to have the opportunity of seeing."

"You must diligently exercise your memory, my prince," replied the royal tutor, Baron von Emptich, in an earnest voice. "A good memory is an excellent attribute, especially in a prince, and as you are destined one day to be a ruler, you must learn, before all else, to expand your memory. A prince should forget nothing; he must preserve in memory the most trifling as well as the most important particulars."

"Is that so, Herr Hofmeister?" asked the boy, raising his blue eyes with a half ironical smile to the calm face of his tutor. "A prince should forget nothing? Did you not recently tell me that a prince should have no remembrance of the wrongs done him by his subjects—that he should be magnanimous, unrevengeful, and always ready to forget injury?"

"I did not say forget, but forgive, prince," replied the baron, smiling. "But I see that you have in fact a good memory, and I do not despair of your recollecting everything we have viewed here in Frankfort, nor of your profiting by your first flight into the world."

"Tell me, though, Herr Baron," inquired the prince, "where are you leading me precisely—through what narrow, miserable streets are we passing here? Do you see that great iron gateway in the middle of the street? What a dreadful looking place it is on the other side of the gateway? Where are we, Herr Baron, and what can there be worth seeing in these abominable, narrow streets?"

"Prince, something only too well worth seeing: *human misery!*" replied the baron, solemnly, and as he paused in front of the great iron gates, suspended from the dingy, gray posts, he grasped the hand of the prince, and gazed with earnest loving expression into the wondering countenance of the boy.

"Prince," he said, "you shall this day receive the second great precept. The first you received in the halls of the Senate. You stood upon the balcony where the emperor shone forth in the highest earthly grandeur, where, exalted above the rest of humanity, receiving laws from none but God and his own conscience, he displayed himself to his people, who received him with loud rejoicings. Standing upon this balcony, and depicting to you the greatness, sublimity and splendor of a German Emperor, I told you that you should be ever mindful that even the emperor was only an erring, fallible, weak mortal, notwithstanding his purple robe and earthly splendor. Now, as we stand before these dismal gates, which form the entrance to these dingy streets, with their black, ugly houses—now that we are about to see the contrast to the Senate-house, I tell you that you must ever remain mindful that even the beggar is a human being, and that in the eyes of God the poorest and most wretched creature is worth as much as the richest lord and the proudest Emperor. You shall now see the *Ghetto*, the old, humble Jew quarter of Frankfort."

"The Jew quarter!" cried the boy involuntarily, drawing back a pace. "But I don't want to see it, Herr Hofmeister, and there is nothing remarkable to see in ugly, old pawn-broking Jews, living inside their dirty houses. I cannot bear the Jews, for I know that they are all wretched, pitiful creatures, whose contact defiles, and who, therefore, cannot even live in the same streets or houses with Christians. Every Jew is a beggar, a miser, a pawn-broker and a cheat."

"Prince William," said the baron severely, "pray remember that the Saviour of mankind—that Jesus Christ was a Jew. Come, prince, you shall see the Jew's quarters, and you shall from this moment learn pity and gentleness—you shall see how the prejudices of men have exposed a whole race to misfortune, degradation and shame. Come!"

He took the hand of the young prince and crossed with him the raised iron threshold which ran directly across the street from one gate post to the other.

At the same moment there sprang from behind one of these posts a boy in tattered, dirty garments, with a black cap upon his thick, curly hair, and placing himself directly in front of our two travellers, he bestowed upon them from out his little flashing black eyes a sullen, defiant gaze.

"It is needless to come here into the Jew city with the little '*monje*'* prince," he said, in the common, almost incomprehensible jargon of the Frankfort Jew dialect. "The little manniken of a prince has seen enough if he has seen the splendor of the senate-hall and the glory of the emperor, and if his heart has been puffed up with the wish that he may one day be a powerful emperor since he is already a prince. But the glory of the Jew city he does not need to see, for the glory of misfortune the young '*monje*' does not yet understand, and he can learn nothing of it with his dull, haughty prince's heart. He calls us here at our very gate beggars and cheats, and is yet brought here by his tutor to learn of us. Hearken, all ye children, hearken, Baruch, Veilchen, Schmuel and Eva, hearken, Adam and Rachel, Jacob and Abraham, Blumchen and Laban, hearken ye, here is a little gentleman who styles us all beggars and cheats."

And as he called this out in a shrill, strained voice, the doors of the adjacent houses were burst open, and a whole troupe of tattered, black-eyed, black-haired children rushed in wild confusion out into the street.

"What did he say? How has he reviled us, Mayer Anselm?" they asked, shrieking and laughing among themselves, whilst their sparkling eyes were uplifted to the blonde, blue-eyed boy who timidly drew up close to the tall form of his tutor in painful confusion.

"He said," shrieked the boy, "that we Jews—"

But the hand of the princely tutor was at this moment placed with a hasty movement upon Mayer Anselm's shoulder, and sheer astonishment made the boy pause.

"What?" he cried, "you do not shrink from contact with the dirty Jew boy? You lay your distinguished white hand upon my shoulder and do not dread catching the leprosy?"

"Hush, my son," said the princely tutor, softly and hurriedly. "Have done with all this noise, or we shall be compelled to turn away again, and that would be to your own disadvantage, for we could then leave behind no alms for your sick and poor."

"Herr Baron, I will be silent," murmured the boy, whose excited face had now assumed an humble, submissive expression.

"Were you listening to our conversation?" asked the baron.

The boy looked up with an expression of keen defiance.

"Listening? No, but I heard it all! I was standing behind the gate post as you both came this way, and without wishing to do so I was compelled to overhear your words of wisdom and the stupid remarks of the little prince. But tell me, Herr Baron, what prince is the little man? From what line of ancestors is he descended, and what star fell from heaven to sit upon his breast as house cock and crow forth his princely sublimity?"

"You promised me to be silent," said the baron, gravely. "Keep your promise, now, and let us pass on."

And as he uttered these words he took from his pocket a gold piece, and pressed it into the boy's hand. Mayer Anselm started convulsively, and a cloud of wrath swept over the brow of the little man.

"I am not a beggar, my lord," he cried. "I asked you for no alms, and I accept nothing for nothing!"

So speaking, he flung it with a contemptuous movement far out into the street, from amidst whose dirt it shone brilliantly as a silver star. The children, who closely thronged together, had been staring at the strangers, darted upon the gold piece with loud cries, and now nothing could be seen but a confused mass of heads, arms and legs, nothing heard but loud cries, abusive words and threats. Each of the children laid claims to the gold piece. Each tried to wrest it from the other and constitute himself sole possessor, and whilst the little girls finally withdrew, there arose a severe conflict among the boys.

This sight was so amusing and interesting to the little prince that he forgot his annoyance, and advancing from behind his teacher gazed with sparkling eyes and laughing mouth upon the motley group.

The little Mayer Anselm wrinkled his brow, and the smiles of the prince seemed to pain him.

"Herr Baron," he said abruptly, "your highness desired to show the young prince the Jew quarters. If you wish I will be your guide, and show you all the glory and splendor of our city, for our glory is our misery, and our splendor is our dirt and our poverty. Shall I show you these, most gracious Herr Baron?"

"Yes, show us these, be our guide," said the baron, extending his hand to the prince and preparing to follow the boy, who now with earnest demeanor and dignified bearing preceded them in the full consciousness of his dignity as *cicerone*.

And through dirty streets and dismal, sorrowful corners the boy led the distinguished visitors of the Jew city. Here and there he paused before certain houses, and related dryly how many people lived penned up together in this dirty hole, how much wretchedness and misery was packed together in this house without sun and light, whose little mean windows were plastered over with smoked paper, from out whose open doors a loathsome exhalation streamed into the street. Then he told them what high taxes the Jews had to pay to the city of Frankfort notwithstanding their poverty and debasement, how every father was obliged to purchase even the life of his child of the city, and for every member of his family had to pay a high poll-tax. But as they stood before the lofty temple, whose walls looked so gray, gloomy and repellant, the eyes of the Jewish boy sparkled yet more brilliantly, and an expression of pious exaltation overspread his shrewd, intelligent face. He knelt upon the threshold of the old, weather-beaten building, and uttered a low, fervent prayer, then he sprang hastily up and began telling in loud, jubilant tones of the glory and splendor that lay concealed within these walls, of the heavy, golden candlesticks which were placed upon the altar, of the massive golden doors which enclosed the sanctuary or the holy of holies, of the shaft of a column which had been handed down to them from the real temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, from this temple of Solomon which had been more glorious and magnificent than the palaces of kings and emperors of the present day, and how at that time the people of Judea had been the richest and most powerful people of the earth, the people whom God had loved before all others. And then again in a bewailing, moaning voice, in a singing tone as though it were a song of woe that he were singing them, he depicted the present debasement of the people of God, how they had been cast out into the world, how they wandered around enslaved and despised among cruel, hard-hearted people who heaped ignominy and disgrace upon them, and persecuted them with insults and calumnies.

The little prince colored as Mayer Anselm, his piercing gaze bent upon him, sent forth this sorrowful wail, but the baron looked with astonishment upon the strange boy.

"You are indeed a remarkably learned little man," he said. "Whence have you learned all these things, my son?"

"My father taught them to me," replied the boy. "My father was very learned, although he was only a bartering Jew, he knew the Talmud and the books of Laws by heart, and in the long winter evenings when we sat starving in the dark, he has told me so many marvellous things that it grew light in our dark room, and I no longer felt the pangs of hunger."

"You speak of your father as though he were no longer with you. Is he dead?"

"Yes, Herr Baron, he is dead," said the boy with tears in his eyes. "He is dead, and my mother will soon follow him, for she is sick and wretched. The physician says she might perhaps be better again if she could get away from this alley into a better neighborhood and purer air, if she could go to Italy and the sea. But we are poor, poor people, and can do nothing but die in our misery. Besides even were we rich, feeling death at hand, mother would not leave this dismal alley and our old tumble-down house! She will die where father died!"

"But what will you do when your mother is dead?" asked the baron compassionately. "What will become of you, poor boy?"

"What will become of me?" repeated the boy with a smile. "I will tell you, Herr Baron, I will become a wealthy merchant!"

"A wealthy merchant? Where will you get your riches from? Where do your treasures lie concealed?"

"Here they lie concealed, Herr Baron," cried the boy, laughing; "here in my head and here in my ten fingers. Do you not know, Herr Baron, that the Jew has a charm that lies concealed in his fingers, and so soon as with stern will he stretches forth his hand, it causes the ducats and florins to dance out of every chest and spring on to his finger ends?"

"You are a singular little man," said the baron, laughing. "How old are you?"

"Just ten years, your highness, for I was born in the year 1743."

"That is *my* birthday!" cried the prince, eagerly.

"I beg pardon for having been so bold as to be born in the same year with *monje*, the prince," said little Mayer Anselm, in derisive submissiveness. "I would that I had been born seventeen hundred and forty-three years sooner, for then I, too, had been a prince, for I am of the house of Levi, the race of high priests and mighty rulers! Beg pardon, once more, *monje* prince! And here we are again at the gates, and the distinguished guests have now seen all that is to be seen here—so they will, no doubt, be in haste to depart from the dirty Jew city. There is seven o'clock striking! That is the hour for closing the gates of the Jew quarter. So make haste, your honors, make haste."

"Well done, little Anselm Mayer," said the baron, after having exchanged a few words aside with the prince, "listen to what I have to say to you in the name of his highness. You are a bright, clever boy, and the prince is pleased with you, and desires to grant you a favor."

"Yes, I would like very much to grant you a favor," repeated the prince politely. "If you leave the horrid old Jew streets and become a Christian, I will ask my father, the Elector of Hesse, to have you taught a trade, so that you may earn an honest livelihood as shoemaker or baker."

"I thank you, I am of too lofty a birth to learn a mean handiwork!" cried the boy proudly. "I am of too honest parentage to barter my religion as princes and princesses do, and I have too much love for the dirty old Jew streets ever to forsake them. Here will I live and die, here will I become a millionaire."

"You a rich man, a millionaire!" laughed the prince. "My noble mother has often told me that a million was a great deal of money. How can a little fellow like you go about obtaining a million?"

"How can I go about it?" asked Mayer Anselm defiantly. "I will earn it."

"In what way, though?"

"Through commerce and traffic, *monje* prince. I trade now in pins and pack-thread, the pins I seek in the streets where they are dropped by fashionable ladies, the pack-thread I fetch from the stores of wealthy merchants, where it is carelessly thrown aside off the bales. Yes, yes, I deal now in pins and pack-thread, but one day when the right time comes, I shall deal in gold and silver, in estates, thrones and crowns. If you then, *monje* prince, offer me your little crown for sale, I shall be at your service and try to dispose of it at a fair price. But now, gentlemen, I ask for money. I have taken you around for a whole hour."

"Here are three *florins*," said the baron, dropping the money into the boy's outstretched hand.

"Three *florins*, a small contribution to my million," said the boy laughing. "I thank you."

"So, then, it does not offend you now for us to give you money?" asked the prince imperiously.

"I have had no money given me," replied the boy, "I have honestly earned money of you. How now! there comes the town-bailiff to shut the gates. Now see that you get forth, my noble visitors. But if you should ever again feel so curious to see the Jewish quarter in Frankfort apply to me, and I shall be most happy to gratify you."

"And you, should you ever be in trouble and require aid, come to the Castle in Hanau," said the prince, "apply to the porter and demand an audience with me. I am Prince William of Hesse, and I live with my mother in the Castle of Hanau."

"And I am Mayer Anselm Rothschild, and I live with my mother in the Jewish quarter at Frankfort," said the little Mayer, returning the proud greeting of the prince with an equally proud inclination of his head.

He stood gazing after the prince, who now with head erect, passed down the street on his tutor's arm to the next corner where the princely equipage awaited them. Then, when they were lost to his sight, Mayer Anselm turned away, snapped his long, thin fingers, and muttered to himself: "Is a right stupid fellow. Were he in my place he would never in his whole life be a millionaire, but would always remain a bartering Jew! But now away from here! How the *memme** will rejoice that I bring her money!"

And with flying steps, scarcely heeding the greetings of the passers-by, Mayer Anselm sped through the long streets to the old, dirty, tumble-down house where dwelt his mother.

"*Memme*, my dear *memme!*" he cried as he opened the door into the mean, dismal apartment; "*memme*, I bring thee—" But the jubilant words died away upon his lips, and with a loud cry of agony he darted towards the miserable couch where his mother lay. She saw him not, her eyes were closed, a deep, agonizing groan escaped her lips, the cold sweat stood in great drops upon her yellow, marble-like brow, her pale, thin hands were clasped above the dark spread which covered her poor, emaciated form. Upon the low, rush-bottomed arm-chair in front of the bed sat a little maiden of about

* A royal tutor.

*Monsieur.

*Provincial for mamma.

six years of age, of that grave, sensible air that want and early deprivation leave as their impress upon the children of poverty. She, too, had her hands clasped, and seemed to be praying; her large black eyes were uplifted to heaven, and great tears trickled slowly down over her cheeks.

"What is the matter with my *memme*?" shrieked the boy, rushing to the bed. "Mother, why do you not answer me? why do you not look at me and feel glad to see me home?"

But the sick woman seemed not to hear his words, she continued moaning, and her eyes did not open.

Mayer Anselm's gaze turned in horror upon the little girl, and he laid his trembling hand upon her shoulder. "Gudula!" he murmured anxiously, "why does she not answer me? Gudula! what ails my *memme*?"

"She is ill, Mayer Anselm, very ill," sobbed the child. "This morning when you went out to your business you asked me to go stay with your mother until you returned. When I came into the room I found her lying unconscious upon the floor, and she heard nothing of all my entreaties for her to speak to me. So I ran out after the neighbors, and they lifted your mother into bed, and my father was here, too, but he said nothing could be done, and that I should only sit here and pray until she became quite still.

"But she will not become quite still!" shrieked the boy in an agony of despair. "She will speak again and open her eyes once more and look upon me. Mother, mother! listen to me! Mayer Anselm has come home, and has brought money with him, much money, and he can fetch you whatever you wish to eat. Ah, look at me, dear mother, do not lie there with closed eyes, have compassion upon me! My heart will burst with grief if you lie there much longer. Mother, mother! open your eyes, speak to me."

And lo! the heart-rending lament of the boy had power to recall to its mortal coil the already upward soaring spirit, the mother's heart struggling in the agony of death began to beat once more at the sound of the supplicating voice of her child.

She slowly raised the heavy lids, she gazed with a look of love into the agonized face of her son, whose tears fell so hot and burning upon her cold brow, as though these scorching drops could recall her again to life; her lips, which had been tightly compressed in the death spasm now relaxed, and she began to whisper low, distinct words.

The boy suppressed his sobs, he resolutely forced back his tears, he held his breath, and listened with beating heart to the words which trembled like the breath of angels upon the dying woman's lips.

Suddenly she started up with a quick, convulsive movement, and gazed with great wide-opened eyes, with an expression of ineffable love upon her son.

"Mother, dear mother!" whispered the boy, "if you love me you will stay with me. Ah, do not go from me, do not leave me alone!"

Love, the mighty mother-love, gave her strength to uplift her arms and entwine them about the neck of her child, to press him to her heart fervently as though she would never forsake him, as though she would always shelter him within the protection of her mother's heart.

"Farewell!" she cried in a loud voice, "farewell, my son! Remain true to the God of thy fathers, true to thyself and—"

More she failed to utter, her head sank back, a last sigh escaped her lips. Then all was still.

"She is dead! she is dead!" shrieked the boy, casting himself upon his knees, pressing his mother's hand within his own, and gazing at her with looks of inexpressible grief, and at the same time of holy awe. He dared not speak, neither weep nor lament, for he saw how there beamed upon the face of the dead, as it were, a ray of transfiguration, and how the great mystery of death and of eternal life was revealed upon these first changing and then fixed lineaments.

But, then, when the face of his mother had become fixed and cold, when the last ray of life had died away, then came the full consciousness of what he had lost once more upon the boy, and he wept and lamented aloud.

"I am alone, all alone!" was the great cry of grief that escaped his breast. "I have no one to love me, no one in the whole world!"

"Mayer Anselm, I love you!" cried at this moment a trembling voice beside him, and two tender arms were cast about his neck, and two soft, fragrant lips were pressed upon his cheek. "Do not say you are alone, Mayer Anselm, for little Gudula is with you, and she will always stay with you. I love you, Mayer Anselm."

He put his two arms around her neck, and gazed smilingly upon her amidst his tears, then he leaned his head upon her shoulder and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER II.

PRETTY GUDULA.

Twelve years had passed away since those days when Mayer Anselm's mother had died. Twelve years had passed away. They had been rich in historical events, in uprisings and storms. For seven long years a bloody war had filled the German land with mourning and desolation, it had deprived Maria Theresa of her "beloved Schlesia," and given it over to the "evil man;" it had procured for Prussia a new province, and for her king, Frederick the Second, the surname of "The Great." The condition of all Germany was changed during these twelve years; in the Jewish quarters at Frankfort alone had all remained unaltered. There at its entrance were still the two gate posts with the dirty, iron folding gates, there were the same little mean, dismal houses in which lived thickly penned together the Jews, the poor slaves of prejudice, the stigmatized of public opinion. There prevailed still in the narrow streets the same confused pell-mell of traffic and bartering, the lively intercourse between neighbors standing before their doors, or accosting each other diagonally across the street. There might be heard the clatter and noise of the children playing merrily in the gloomy streets, and making the old houses resound with their fresh laughter.

In the Jewish quarter these twelve years had changed nothing, only set the impress of age upon the brows of men and women, and made youths and maidens of the children. Mayer Anselm was now a stately, vigorous youth of two and twenty, Gudula was now a maiden of eighteen years, slender and dainty, gentle as the tenderest maiden, and at the same time proud as a queen. Her plain garment flowed about her as though it were a robe of purple that adorned her person, the black hair which fell about her head in thick ringlets was secured above her forehead with a scarlet ribbon, forming a kind of coronet, which superbly became her broad, white brow, her flashing eyes and proud, maidenly expression, the beautiful oval of her noble face, the pale, transparent cheeks and the energetic, rosy lips. A painter had seen her as she passed one day through the streets in her simple, yet tasty costume, and filled with astonishment and rapture, he had followed her to the Jewish quarter, even to the wretched house where she dwelt with her father.

Gudula, with a look replete with queenly contempt, had demanded of her daring pursuer what he wanted here at her father's house; but the modest, unassuming bearing of the artist had soon appeased her, and with the permission of her father she had consented to serve as model for a great painting the artist was about to execute. At first he had intended to convert the beautiful Jewish maiden into a Judith, to represent her with the head of Holofernes in her hand, but the more fully he recognized her beauty the more he understood that it needed no decoration, no accessory, and so he had painted Gudula as she really was, Gudula in her plain, simple dress, with her crown of black hair entwined with the flame-colored ribbon. The portrait was displayed to lovers of art at the store of a dealer, and all Frankfort and all the strangers who visited the old free-town admired the beautiful painting, until the young landgrave, William of Hesse, had purchased it at an enormous price, and withdrawn it from the admiring gaze.

Meanwhile, the original of the beautiful portrait had attained great celebrity; every one in Frankfort knew her, and when Gudula passed through the streets, the boys would call out: "There goes pretty Gudula, the Jewish Queen!"

And many a distinguished cavalier, and many a wealthy gentleman who otherwise had never thought of entering the dirty Jewish quarter, came now to look up pretty Gudula, and under the pretext of doing business with the father, to make flattering speeches to the daughter.

But pretty Gudula treated all with a proud reserve and coldness; and none of the cavaliers had ever dared enter a second time the lowly dwelling of Gudula and her half blind father. Not merely admirers and adorers had come to the house, but also suitors who sought pretty Gudula's hand in marriage, and wished to lead her away from the Jewish quarter into the gay, brilliant streets of the free city, if the beautiful Jewish Queen could only resolve to become a Christian. Gudula had indignantly declined every such proposal, and her father was too devout a Jew to oppose her decision. But upon this day there had come another—on this day there had come a rich Jewish merchant from Hanau, and had offered his hand to pretty Gudula, and once more she had repulsed the suitor with a proud "No."

This "no," however, had not met with the approval of her father, but had on the contrary, excited his utmost rage and most violent ill-humor. Gudula had borne the outburst with calm silence, only bowing her head low over her work as though this were a tempest she would meekly endure until it had raged out.

But the tempest would not rage out, the thunder of paternal wrath rolled on unceasingly, and finally called forth bitter drops from Gudula's eyes.

She let her sewing glide down upon her lap, and looked up entreatingly at her father who sat opposite her in the old blackened leather arm-chair.

"Father," she said, in a voice of supplication, "if you scold me so I must weep, and if I weep I cannot sew. I must finish the work this evening, to carry it over to the Countess Tettenborn. She is a very particular lady; I had to promise her to return the work this evening, and if I do not keep my word she will give me no more work."

"If you had taken the wealthy Nathan, you would have had no more need to work," shrieked her father; "would have had no more need to be a poor seamstress, could have driven in proud coaches, and been just as distinguished as any countess. By the God of my fathers, I will yet die of rage at this unreasonable, stupid creature; who has not so much love for her father as to be willing to accept the hand of a rich man who would make a soft bed for my old age, and enrich my last days with affluence and luxury."

"Father," cried Gudula, deeply pained, "I will work for you day and night; I will be yet more diligent than I have been; you shall want nothing, you shall have all that you can desire—only do not require me to marry a man whom I do not love."

"Wherefore do you not love him?" shrieked the old man, angrily. "Wherefore do you not love Baruch Nathan, who is a rich man? I will tell you wherefore you do not love him: because you love Mayer Anselm—"

"Father, say no more!" cried Gudula, springing up from her seat, her face covered with burning blushes. "You mortify and offend me with what you say."

"I mean to mortify and offend you," said her father, roughly. "I mean to strike at your pride until it is stirred up within your breast; I mean to strike at your insane love until it dies in your heart. Do you really imagine I do not know wherefore you will not marry Baruch Nathan? Do you really think I do not know with whom you are infatuated? Oh, I know everything; for what I cannot see with my eyes, I can hear with my ears, and understand with my reason. Have I not long known that Gudula has given her heart to a man who has no eyes in his head to see that Gudula is young and pretty, and that she loves him? Have I not long known that Gudula only repulses her rich suitors from her door, that she may hold this same door open for poor Mayer—"

"Hush," cried Gudula, interrupting him by placing a trembling hand upon his shoulder, "for Jehovah's sake be quiet; here comes Mayer Anselm from across the street. If you say more—if you add another word and disgrace your daughter in his presence, I swear to you, by the God of our fathers, that I will go where the Main is the deepest and jump in."

And her cheeks all aglow, Gudula, still panting with excitement, seated herself in her rush-chair by the window, and took up her sewing. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A man in New York lives with his fifth wife and five mothers-in-law, all in one house.

☞ A Mexican, by name Francisco Estralda, Jr., claims to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. His machine produces electricity, which causes motion, and the motion in turn generates electricity.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 14, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

GOING AHEAD:

Our old friends will be pleased to hear that THE POST is rapidly increasing in circulation.

In fact it could hardly be otherwise—for while we make a first-class paper, *our prices are far cheaper than the usual rates;* in fact, very little above the price of the white paper and printing.

We depend upon getting the largest kind of a circulation, to compensate us; and we are satisfied with a reasonable compensation, having no desire to drive the fastest team, or live in the biggest house in the country.

EDUCATION.

We see it stated that the German school authorities have determined to have no afternoon classes. They have ascertained that three or four hours' clear-headed morning study, without any mental tasks in the afternoon, leads to better results than the old system. It would be well if the hours of study were shortened in our schools. Too much study not only dwarfs the intellect, but damages the physical health. Let the first half of the day be devoted to the acquiring of book-knowledge, and the last half to the gaining of bodily strength and vigor.

And, in order to do this, the lessons must not be so long and hard as to encroach upon the afternoon. An hour or so after supper ought to be sufficient to devote to study—leaving the rest of the evening for some pleasant game or conversation—and, in the case of young or weak children, for sleep. Sensible as these views are, it is almost impossible to make teachers conform to them.

One word more. If German children should thus not be mentally overworked, much more is it true of American children. The stimulation of the brain and nervous energy in this country is something terrible. And we must encourage the physical in order to counteract this result of our social and political condition, by every rational means in our power.

PEACE.

The Second Anniversary of the PENNSYLVANIA PEACE SOCIETY is to be held at the Assembly Building, in this city, on the 19th and 20th of this month. *The programme of the meetings "will embrace the consideration of political, religious, and social reform; the recent Union with Foreign Peace Societies; a Code of International Law; Disarmament and Arbitration; the Indians; Equal Rights, and the four questions before the Berne Peace Congress."*

We have found a tolerably large proportion of avowed "Peace men" about the most pugnacious individuals in the world—and full of that spirit which finally leads to great wars and fightings. We have found them generally averse to tolerating any customs or opinions which were not their own, determined that all men should accept their own standards of right, and in fact often so narrow and bigoted that they could not imagine how other people could be *honest* in holding opinions differing from those held by themselves, "the saints."

We trust that the coming Peace Convention will be marked by a different spirit—and that its members will see that if ever there is to be Peace in the world, it can only come as a result of that peaceable, moderate and charitable spirit, which acknowledges that men may differ from us in their customs, manners, political institutions, and religious creeds, and yet be as honest, and even often as wise as ourselves, and not necessarily children of the evil one.

Just in proportion as this spirit of Charity can be made to prevail in the world, just in that proportion will Peace be possible. For the ambition of political leaders could do little in convulsing the nations, were it not that the want of charity in the minds of the people, gives them a great element of strife to work upon. And the trouble is, that the very best people—and those who theoretically are the most in favor of peace—have generally rather less charity towards those who differ from them as to what they consider important truths, than people who not being so good, are, like the publican in the Scripture, more humble, and consequently more moderate.

As in the old times, the "Religious" wars, so-called, were the bloodiest, so, in modern times, the wars for the promulgation of moral and political ideas promise to be the most frequent and sanguinary. France, as her Emperor says, "never goes to war but for an idea."

The great and bloody wars of the French Revolution were for political ideas. France, with her new-born notions of social and political equality, was not willing to let the rest of Europe alone. And the rest of Europe, thinking she was in such great error, was not willing to let her alone. As the result of the mutual want of Charity, Europe was drenched with human blood.

If you would have peace therefore, preach Charity. Allow to others the same liberty of Thought and Action you claim for yourselves. You may have a portion of the Truth—but do not imagine that you have the whole Truth, or that it is even possible you should have it. Be kind, be forgiving, be merciful, be tolerant—for in these is the spirit of Peace, and not in a mere promise to abstain from the use of physical force, or in any profession of political or religious faith whatever.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

In answer to the question which has been raised as to the fact of Barbara Fritchie's existence, a Frederick correspondent writes us as follows. It seems that Mrs. Fritchie was a Pennsylvanian by birth:—

FREDERICK, MD., Oct. 31, 1868.

Editor of Post,—Mrs. Barbara Fritchie (whose maiden name was Hauer,) was born in Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 3d, 1766. She removed to Frederick, Md., when she was fourteen years old, and was married to John Caspar Fritchie in the year 1804. Her husband died in 1849. Mrs. Barbara Fritchie died Dec. 18, 1862. She was buried in the German Reformed burial ground in this place. There is a tomb-stone to mark her last resting place.

Mrs. Barbara Fritchie was in her ninety-seventh year at the time of her death. The house she lived in at the time she waved the flag, and where the other incidents happened, related in Whittier's poem, is still standing, though a portion was washed away by the late flood.

Yours truly, A READER.

☞ The game of croquet, although in some respects new, is little more than an old game revived. It used to be played by the ancient Gauls so universally that the greater portion of the promenades adjoining large towns consisted each of a long alley called the *mail*—the name of the game being *jeu de mail*. The latter French received it from their ancestors, the Gauls, and it was introduced into England under Charles II., at the time of the Restoration, after his return from his sojourn in France. The long avenue in front of Buckingham Palace, called the "Mall," or "Mail," derived its name from this game, which was played there.

☞ The Texas herdsmen become so expert in the use of the lasso, that they can ride on their stunted ponies through the city of Houston, as though on a steeple-chase, picking up with one throw of their rope anything they may happen to want on the sides of the streets. They very seldom miss their aim. They will take up a loaf of bread from the pavement, or a hat from the head of a man walking in front of them with the greatest ease, while riding at the highest speed.

☞ A bachelor being rallied for his celibacy, said he had chosen several wives, but that their husbands having established a prior claim to them, he yielded to the usages of society and gave them up.

☞ An Englishman has attained the speed of fifteen miles an hour on a velocipede. Some of our slow railroads will have to look out, if this rate of going becomes general.

☞ In the English registration the name of a claimant was struck out because he described himself as a "gentleman," when he was proved to be a tailor.

☞ Perhaps it may not be generally known that that very distressing disease, Rheumatism, is very often induced by the use of alcoholic liquors. A gentleman in this city was in the habitual use of brandy. He was attacked with Rheumatism. His family physician being consulted, advised him to abandon the use of brandy. He drank no more for five years, and during that time, had no more rheumatism. He then returned to his brandy, and in three months was again attacked with rheumatism.

☞ Secretary Seward has a free life ticket engraved on silver with which he travels over the Erie Railroad. It was given to him at the expiration of his term as Governor of New York, in acknowledgment of his efforts in behalf of the internal improvements of New York.

☞ Quinn was once at a small dinner-party. The master of the house, pushing a delicious pudding toward the wit, begged him to taste it. A gentleman had just before greedily helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quinn, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is *the* pudding?"

☞ It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say amen!"

☞ Insects are largely endowed with the faculty of sight; for their eyes, though unable to turn, are infinitely multiplied, and compensate by quantity for their want of motion. To give an idea of the numbers some orders possess, I may mention that to one species of butterfly, by no means among the largest, is allotted nearly thirty-five thousand eyes. These are distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived, as a sentinel keeps watch in every quarter.

☞ No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; none heavier, for it never melts.

☞ TWILIGHT.—The evening grew more dull every moment, and a melancholy wind sounded through the deserted fields like a distant giant whistling for his house dog.

☞ PREACHING.—Writing of preaching and hearing, some one relates that "A lady, recently, in giving her views of the preaching of a minister, to whom she had listened several times, said, 'I thought it was the business of the minister to feed the sheep. This man don't feed us. He only throws clubs and stones at us, and sends us hungry and bleating home.'"

☞ HIGH-HEELED SHOES.—The corn-cutters say that the last fashion is a great blessing to them. It gives them constant employment.

A Railroad King.

One of the most successful railroad men of New York boarded at one of our principal hotels. He was an unmarried man. He was accounted an eminent and successful financier. His reputation and standing were unquestioned. He was connected with the principal capitalists in the city, and was one whom New York delighted to honor. In a small house in the upper part of the city he had a home. Here he lived part of his time, and reared a family, though the mother of his children was not his wife. Down town, at his hotel, he passed by one name; up town, in his house, he was known by another. It would seem impossible that a prominent business man, reputed to be rich, brought into daily business contact with princely merchants and bankers, the head of a large railroad interest, could reside in New York, and for a number of years lead the double life of a bachelor and a man of family; be known by one name down town, and another name up town; yet so it was. At his hotel and at his office he was found at the usual hours. To his up-town home he came late and went out early. There he was seldom seen. The landlord, the butcher, the grocer and the milkman transacted all their business with the lady. Bills were promptly paid, and no questions asked. The little girls became young ladies. They went to the best boarding-schools in the land.

An unexpected crisis came. A clergyman in good standing became acquainted with one of the daughters at her boarding-school. He regarded her with so much interest, that he solicited her hand in marriage. He was referred to the mother. The daughters had said that their father was a wealthy merchant of New York; but his name did not appear in the Directory, he was not known on 'change. The lover only knew the name by which the daughters were called. The mother was affable, but embarrassed. The gentleman thought something was wrong, and insisted on a personal interview with the father. The time was appointed for the interview. The young man was greatly astonished to discover in the father of the young lady one of the most eminent business men of the city. He gave his consent to the marriage, and promised to do well by the daughter, though he admitted that the mother of the young lady was not his wife. The clergyman was greatly attached to the young woman, who was really beautiful and accomplished. He agreed to lead her to the altar, if, at the same time, the merchant would make the mother his wife. This was agreed to, and the double wedding was consummated the same night. The father and mother were first married, and then the father gave away the daughter. The affair created a ten days' sensation. The veil of secrecy was removed. The family took the down-town name, which was the real one—a name among the most honored in the city. An up-town fashionable mansion was purchased, and fitted up in style. Crowds filled the spacious parlors, for there was just piquancy enough in the case to make it attractive. Splendid coaches of the fashionable filled the street; a dashing company crowded the pavement, and rushed up the steps to enjoy the sights. These brilliant parties continued but a short time. The merchant was rotten at heart. All New York was astounded one day at the report that the great railroad king had become a gigantic defaulter, and had absconded. His crash carried down fortunes and families with his own. Commercial circles yet suffer for his crimes. The courts are still fretted with suits between great corporations and individuals growing out of these transactions. Fashionable New York, which could overlook twenty years of criminal life, could not excuse poverty. It took reprisals for bringing this family into social position by hurling it back into an obscurity from which probably it will never emerge.—*From Sunshine and Shadow in New York.*

☞ A new proposition is now being made in England for a uniform cheap railway fare, to convey a person for six cents in the third class, twelve cents in the second, and one shilling British in the first, irrespective of distance; and it is contended that this reduced scale would pay.

☞ An exchange says tersely of a noted Texan ruffian, that "through the energy of a sheriff he now ornaments a rustic graveyard."

☞ Grapes are bought by the California wine-maker and delivered at his press, clean, for seventy cents per one hundred pounds, and it is stated that in one thousand pounds scarcely one pound of unripe or rotted berries has to be cut out from the bunches.

☞ A little fellow was eating some bread and milk, when he turned round to his mother and said, "Oh, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

☞ A gentleman found a quantity of silk on the street the other day, and on following it up discovered a lady at the other end.

☞ G. F. Train writes:—"It is well. In 1872 I shall be President."

☞ Even Tom Hood is almost inexcusable for such a description of music as this:—"Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse."

☞ TOUGH FISH STORY.—An Alabama paper, speaking of Florida, says:—"There are also numerous small lakes of pure water, filled with fish, some of which are only a few rods in extent, while others are from two to ten miles in length."

☞ A railway station master at Rome has lately been sentenced to the galleys for five years, because of a collision between two trains started by his orders, and which resulted in the death of five persons.

☞ Who was the author of the saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman *if he be caught young?*"

☞ "William," said one Quaker to another, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

☞ In Chatsworth, Livingston county, Illinois, is a beet sugar factory in full operation working up about forty tons of beets daily. They expect soon to work up fifty tons. The per centage of sugar is quite satisfactory and the sugar of good quality. The Reporter says the beets are daily growing better. Beets continue to improve by ripening till they have been kept about four months.

☞ A telegraph message passing through the hands of an operator lately, addressed to "A. Gillespie, Clerk, Steamer Magnolia," was ungraciously written off as follows:

"A. Gilles,
Pie Clerk,
Steamer Magnolia."

A Talking Canary.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

I had heard from time to time during the winter of a very wonderful canary bird in the possession of Herrin Professor T——, Berlin, historical painter. The accounts seemed to me contradictory and absurd, and being of a testy disposition and apt to snap at tales without foundation, I formed the exceptional resolution of inquiring into this one; so without further ceremony than that of a calling card, I set out to invade the privacy of the Herrin Professor, in order to convince myself of the humbug, or—the world of a wonder.

On being admitted, I was ushered into an apartment which led into a second inner one, the door of which stood open. I was received politely by the lady of the house, who seemed somewhat astonished on hearing of my self-made mission to her house mingled with words of apology and introduction. While speaking I heard a voice coming from the inner apartment just mentioned. The Frau Professor turned her head and answered to the voice, "Maetzekin, mein liebes Maetzekin!" with an air of pleased delight, and then to me "that is the little wonder, if you will have it so." Again the voice issued from the apartment, a voice which in pitch and quality I judged to be that of a child of from two to three years old. I was about to make some polite speech about her family as I thought myself bound to do, when the Frau Professor led the way into the inner room, saying, "Now come and see Maetzchen and judge for yourself." I felt disposed to deprecate my being thought a judge of babies, but I had no time, for there I was in the middle of the room, and not a child or any vestige of one to be seen. All quiet and orderly as might be the sanctum of an aged virgin. But under the sofa! It is just possible the voice proceeded from thence. The Professorin turned her back for an instant, and a rapid and searching glance convinced me that no tumbled petticoats or scarlet shy face was hidden beneath. Where then did the voice proceed from? And who was Maetzchen? I was not kept long in suspense as to his personality, for Frau Professor T——, bringing a bird-cage that was standing on her work-table at the window and placing it beside me on the centre-table, introduced its little inmate as "mein Maetzekin." Now a light dawned on me—could it indeed be?—but all speculation was suddenly cut short and all doubt speedily dispelled, for the tiny yellow throat quivered, the beak opened, and the bird spoke—spoke as distinctly as I or any naturally articulate individual can. The words and the tones were the same as I had heard from the outer apartment believing them to proceed from a child of some three years old.

I stood for one half-hour in speechless astonishment listening to this diminutive chatter-box, who seemed to take a true delight in showing off before me every art of which he was possessed. His stock of words was few, but he varied the tone and the order in which they were uttered, intermingling them likewise with song. Canaries, like Jews, being of all nations, and this being a German canary, he spoke German as follows: "Wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzekin, mein liebes, liebes Maetzekin, wo bist du?" It almost seems an insult to modern schooling to translate those words; Matz, Maetzchen, Maetzekin is the only one that might require some explanation. It is not a proper name, but a common term given to cage-birds, especially to the canary, being equivalent to our dickey. Maetzekin is a playful and endearing variation of a term that is already with its "chen" added to the Matz, soft and coaxing. It is, as we should say, Dickiekins. Maetzchen's whole phrase then is, Where art thou, dear Dickiekins, my dear, dear Dickiekins, where art thou? Maetzekin, with its sharp and hard consonants, is a marvellously hard word to articulate. How Maetzchen manages it is not very clear to me, for the tz is a sort of Shibboleth by which to discover many an otherwise very articulate foreign tongue. The little marvel does not speak quite pure high German. It treats the st in bist a little thick and inclining to the plattdeutsch. This makes it sound at once very comical and very pretty, and less like a bit of machine work; though, had I been told it was a bit of ingenious machinery, it seems I should have admired the wonders of it and given to the powers of man an easier credence—for what have his ingenuity and diligence not accomplished by means of wheels and screws?—than I felt I could to this wonder of nature.

Maetzchen, making a pause in his discourse and daintily refreshing himself with seed and water and rice biscuit, I recovered the command of my own tongue, and proceeded to put some questions, which elicited the following few and simple facts of Maetzchen's life:

He is two years old, and has been able to use his tongue for half that time. He came into the possession of his present mistress almost out of the shell, and, if my memory is true, from a private nest. Maetzchen did not sing a note, though both of the right age and sex, but fell into the very quiet ways of a tranquil childless home. His cage was placed from the first on the Frau Professor's work-table, which stood in the window. On the long afternoons, which the early German dinner leaves, the lady used regularly to sit there with her seam, as I believe the expression is, and being neither of the singing or whistling order, she diverted herself and Maetzchen by addressing him, by the hour I may say, the above words of endearment—wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzchen, or Maetzekin. And so on, ringing changes on the word as one would to a child. Maetzchen did not seem to know it was his birthright to sing, and these words being the only sounds that fell on his ear, and he a bird of considerable talent, he picked them up, and one day threw the whole house into a state of consternation by breaking forth into speech. He had uttered tones before, and his call had and has quite a peculiar timbre and turn; but his first full and distinct utterance seems to have been one day in the absence of his mistress. A seamstress had taken her place, and poor Maetzchen, missing his daily companion, spoke. The girl, thinking the bird was possessed, rushed in terror out of the room, and told how the little creature had addressed her. She was laughed at naturally, but by-and-by they all crept in and all heard him. Since then Maetzchen has not ceased to use his tongue, and that remained his only accomplishment till, his mistress going to the country, gave him in charge to a friend who had a capital singer; Maetzchen, ever ready to learn, picked up a fine note. His present habit is to repeat his words, finishing them off in a rapid and repeated utterance of the bist du, bist du, bist du, and then off into his song. He has other words he can say, but he did not favor me with them. He is not always equally disposed for conversation, and some who go to hear come away disappointed, and say in consequence it is all humbug. Desirous of having my own observations confirmed before communicating them to the public, I sent a young ornithologist, one by love more than by profession, to see and hear. And he saw and heard, and afterwards gave me a simple recital. My young friend remarked that Matz modulated his voice, especially when his mistress left the room, into a long-drawn sentimental tone—mein Maetze-kin, mein lie-bes, lie-bes, Maetze-kin, &c.

Long life to Maetzchen! I hope the same law of nature that condemns all the good and clever to an early death, will make an exception in favor of him. The fact of his existence is strange and interesting, especially to men of science. It has already been mentioned to the ornithological society in Berlin by my young friend, and raised amongst the learned gentlemen a perfect storm of excitement. And with reason, for it is a fact which suggests speculation of a sort that falls in with many of the ideas of the present day. This unwitting experiment having succeeded it might be worth somebody's while (having an equal command of leisure as the Frau Professor) to try the same with other birds. For instance, that yattering *gamin* the sparrow. Were he not so hard to keep in confinement there is scarcely a doubt but that his bold, vigorous, insolent tones might be turned into articulation. I have often heard it said that of all animals an elephant and a canary possessed the most wits. I am not prepared to discuss the question. I simply ask is this articulation of sound a sign of more wits than the glance of a faithful dog's eye?

Animals in Hindostan.

The Hindoo saint extends hospitality alike to friends and enemies. When he eats he shares his food with whatever creature presents itself. He refrains from honey from reluctance to deprive bees of their nourishment. He will not eat flesh because he shrinks from causing the death of any animal. He avoids lighting a candle at night lest insects should be drawn into the flame; and he filters the water he drinks lest he should incautiously swallow some creature. Hindoos will die rather than taste beef—a fact which has often been proved on board of vessels where all the provisions were expended except salt beef. Indeed, all animals have a degree of sacredness to a devout Hindoo. Those that subsist on vegetables are supposed to be favored by divine beings. They believe every animal is endowed with thought and memory, and has some mode of communicating its ideas to its own species.

At Surat is a Banian hospital where deceased and aged animals are watched with tenderest care. Kindness towards animals inculcated in all the sacred books, and everywhere practised as a religious duty, forms a lovely feature in Asiatic religions which Christianity would do well to imitate. True, it is founded on sympathy produced by belief in the transmigration of souls. But a friendly relation between men and animals is beautiful and good; and though Christians do not believe the soul of an ancestor may have passed into a horse, they might practise humanity from a higher motive. Tenderness towards the dumb creatures of God would harmonize with the spirit of the religion they profess; and to acquire if they merely need to apply the first and most obvious rule of natural religion: "How should I like to be treated if I were a horse?"—*Lydia Maria Child.*

How to Tell Diseased Meat.

In view of the fact that there is danger that diseased meat may find its way into the market, it may be stated, as a guide to meat purchasers, that healthy meat is firm and elastic to the touch, and hardly moistens the fingers. Diseased meat is soft and wet, and serum often runs from it. Good meat has but little odor, and that by no means disagreeable. Diseased meat has a faint and cadaverous smell. This is best observed by cutting it and smelling the knife, or pouring a little warm water over it when chopped. It loses, also, ten per cent. more weight in cooking than when healthy. The diseases engendered by bad meat are chiefly diarrhœa and tape-worm. It often creates carbuncles and boils. Care should be taken to have meat most thoroughly cooked, if consumers wish to avoid all possibility of animalculæ.

A SMOOTH-GOING HARROW.—Near the village of M. there lived a farmer who engaged a son of the Emerald Isle to work for him. One morning in the spring Pat was sent to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before all the teeth—except two or three—came out of the harrow. After a while the farmer went out in the field to see how Pat proceeded, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh," replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

☞ There is such a thing as having too many children if your memory is poor. The other night Spriggins counted his brood, but could only make up fourteen. "How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census?" "So there were," she answered, "but one of them died since that." "Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, seems to me I heard of that at the time."

☞ A singular case has just come before the French tribunals. A young girl eleven years of age attempted successively the life of her mother and sister, for the sole purpose of drinking their blood. The child has been examined by competent physicians, and proved to be attacked by the strange mania of anthropophagy. Her extreme youth leads the physicians to hope that her cure may be accomplished.

☞ Is there enny kure for natural laziness, where it is a part of a man's constitushun and byelaws? Only one kure, that is milk a cow on the run, and subsist on the milk.—*Josh Billings.*

☞ A cruel wag turned a bald-headed friend into an enemy by advising him to have his head *frescoed.*

☞ "Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I supposes my dear, the hens picked them off," was her moderate reply. "Hens—hens—some two-legged hens, I guess," said her husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

☞ A population of six hundred millions, it is said, can be supported by the United States.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ELECTION.—The Presidential election is over, and Grant and Colfax are elected. We give the vote, as near as we have it, (but probably inaccurately) as follows:—

THE PRESIDENCY.

FOR GRANT AND COLFAX.

States.	Electors.	Pop. Maj.
Maine,	7	28,000
New Hampshire,	5	8,000
Massachusetts,	12	70,000
Rhode Island,	4	6,000
Connecticut,	6	3,000
Vermont,	5	30,000
Pennsylvania,	26	22,000
West Virginia,	5	6,000
Ohio,	21	35,000
Indiana,	13	12,000
Illinois,	16	50,000
Michigan,	8	25,000
Wisconsin,	8	20,000
Iowa,	8	40,000
Nebraska,	3	4,000
Tennessee,	10	20,000
California,	5	Doubtful.
Nevada,	3	1,000
Missouri,	11	20,000
Kansas,	3	5,000
North Carolina,	9	Doubtful.
Minnesota,	4	10,000
South Carolina,	6	5,000
Florida,	3	[By Leg.]
Arkansas,	5	Doubtful.
35 States,	166	

FOR SEYMOUR AND BLAIR.

New York,	33	6,000
New Jersey,	7	2,500
Delaware,	3	2,500
Maryland,	7	45,000
Kentucky,	11	80,000
Georgia,	9	10,000
Louisiana,	6	30,000
Oregon,	3	[dubious.]
Alabama,	8	Doubtful.
9 States,	87	

Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, having 23 electoral votes, were prohibited from voting by Congress.

THE FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.—The political complexion of the Forty-first Congress is exhibited (probably inaccurately) in the following table:—

State.	Rep.	Dem.	State.	Rep.	Dem.
Alabama,	4	3	Minnesota,	1	1
Arkansas,	1	2	Missouri,	5	4
California,	2	1	Nebraska,	1	—
Connecticut,*	—	—	Nevada,	1	—
Delaware,	—	1	N. Hampshire,†	—	—
Florida,	1	—	New Jersey,	2	3
Georgia,	—	7	New York,	18	13
Illinois,	11	3	North Carolina,	3	4
Indiana,	7	4	Ohio,	18	6
Iowa,	6	—	Oregon,	—	1
Kansas,	1	—	Pennsylvania,	16	9
Kentucky,	1	8	Rhode Island,	2	—
Louisiana,	—	6	South Carolina,	4	—
Maine,	5	—	Tennessee,	6	—
Maryland,	—	5	Vermont,	5	—
Massachusetts,	10	—	West Virginia,	3	—
Michigan,	6	1	Wisconsin,	5	1
Total,				143	83

Republican majority, 59.

* Chooses next spring. † Not chosen.

The Senate will stand as follows:—Republicans, 57; Democrats, 11; Republican majority 46.

The foregoing list of members of the House of Representatives does not include Connecticut, now represented by one Republican and three Democrats, or New Hampshire, now represented by three Republicans. These two States will elect in the spring.

In the present Congress the vote stands in the House:—

Republican,	174
Democrats,	52
Republican majority,	122

The Republicans have thus lost about 28 or 30 members—leaving them with less than two-thirds.

—Negro suffrage amendments to their State Constitutions were adopted, last Tuesday, in both Iowa and Minnesota.

FINANCIAL PANIC.—There has been quite a panic among the brokers of New York and the other leading cities within a week or so. The following shows the decline of stocks during last week:—

	Highest.	Lowest.	Decline.	
N. Y. Cent.,	120	117½	12¼	per cent.
Erie,	52	38½	13½	"
Hudson Riv.,	142	122	20	"
Reading,	101	91½	9½	"
Pittsburg,	93	90	12	"
Mich. Sou.,	91	79½	11½	"
St. Paul,	116	62	54	"
North West,	98½	72½	20	"
Fort Wayne,	110¾	105¾	14	"

The government stocks have also greatly depreciated. Gold has also fallen to about 133 per cent. There is a rumor that the Secretary of the Treasury has agreed to re-issue thirty-five millions of greenbacks to try to ease the money market. On Saturday last prices were rather higher.

DEATH OF A LADY FROM A DRUGGIST'S MISTAKE.—The Coroner held an inquest on the 6th, on the body of Mrs. Hecht, who died on Tuesday last, at No. 459 North Sixth street, from the effects of poison in the form of pills of *Atropia*, purchased at Mr. Henry A. Bower's drug store, Sixth and Green streets, Philadelphia. Mr. Joseph Bower, son of the proprietor, a young man, had, by a mistake, while compounding the prescription, substituted atropin, a deadly poison, for assafœtida. The law should require all prescriptions to be written plainly, and without abbreviation.

LIFE INSURANCE.—An important decision has just been rendered by the New York Court of Appeals between the American Mutual Life Insurance Company and the widow of an insured party. The payment of the insurance was refused on the ground that her husband had invalidated his policy by committing suicide. The company also attempted to prove that the insured man was an atheist or infidel, and therefore that the death was intentional, the deceased not having the fear of God before him; but the Court ruled out this as irrelevant, and held that in an action to recover for an insurance upon the life of the deceased, it is incompetent to inquire into his religious faith with a view of influencing the question whether, in such case, death was occasioned by an intent of self-destruction or of accident. The Court of Appeals therefore affirmed the judgment of the lower court by giving judgment for the respondent, thus virtually establishing the principle that a life insurance policy is not of necessity invalidated by the probable suicide of the insured person.

—It is reported that Prince Louis of Hesse finds the temper of his wife too much for him, and will apply for a divorce. She is the Princess Alice, Victoria's second daughter.

THE CROPS.—The October report of the Department of Agriculture states that the increase of the wheat harvest is scarcely more than three per cent. over last year. This result has been occasioned by the diminution in the old states of the yield per acre, which neutralizes the increase of the area of production. The oat harvest is light, except in the Western states, in Nebraska the increase being 21 per cent. over last year. The corn crop is reported as having been injured by the wet weather, and later by the frost. The total product will be less than is needed for the country, but will be larger in quantity than it was in 1867, which was a very unfavorable season. Buckwheat is generally deficient in its return. Potatoes are reported as yielding a full average crop, with a deficiency of 10 per cent. in New York and Pennsylvania, and 20 per cent. in Illinois. The cotton crop, it is stated, will be less than last year by 15 to 20 per cent., owing to the depredations of the army worm, and to the heavy rains in the Southwest.

—A plantation in Mississippi, which cost $60,000 ten years ago, was sold lately for $269.

—An English fashion paper contains an advertisement of "elegant bridal presents to let."

—The editor of the "Independence Belge" newspaper, gets a salary of $10,000 a year.

—A Parisian statistician computes that the births since the creation of the world have been 66,627,843,273,075,221.

—A machine for harvesting corn, by taking the ears from the stalks while standing in the field, was exhibited at the recent State Fair in Illinois. The apparatus is constructed to strip two rows at once. The stalks are taken between projecting metal-faced fingers, and as the machine advances the butt of the ear is brought in contact with a short sickle, playing at the rear of the fingers, cutting it off, while the stalk passes under the machine without being pulled up; the ears are received into a large hopper at the rear of the machine, and discharged when it is full.

—CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES.—Another severe earthquake, lasting twelve seconds, occurred at San Francisco on Thursday night, (the 5th,) but no damage resulted. There have been slight shocks at San Francisco nearly every day since Oct. 21.

—The recent earthquakes in South America and California were not accompanied with volcanic eruptions. This fact has given rise to the surmise that these countries may expect a recurrence of these shocks. Heretofore, in countries where volcanoes are to be found, the earthquake precedes the eruption, and as soon as the subterranean commotions are relieved through the craters, the shocks cease. The volcanoes appear to be escape pipes, and when these vents are choked, the internal forces endeavor to break out in other spots.

☞ An amorous swain wrote to his friend: "Dear Harry—You asked me what kind of a game I was playing with Jack Graham for Clarissa's hand. I have to say, in reply, it is a game of double or quits, and the result is I double and he quits."

☞ Earthquakes were of frequent occurrence in New England during the first century after its settlement by the Puritans.

☞ There is but one nobleman with a title in Norway. Years ago all titles were abolished. That is, the possessors of them could keep them, but their children could not inherit them; so the old generation is now all dead but one.

☞ A. G. Tuttle, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, has shipped this fall from his nursery, of his own trees, 8,000, and 20,000 in all. He harvested from his own vineyard 4,000 pounds of grapes, and sold them at Baraboo and Kilbourn at 15 cents per pound.

☞ Physiologists now say that to be ill-natured is to be sick, and to be sick is to be sinful.

☞ Broadway is perambulated by a bloomer with high-colored pantaloons and a gray overcoat.

☞ Gen. Sheridan, it is said, reports that he has seen a herd of buffalo ninety miles in length and twenty-five miles in width, and estimates the number it contained at 300,000.

☞ Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 12,000 bbls sold at $5,75@7 for superfine; $7@8 for extra; $7,25@8,25 for Northwest family, the latter rate for Minnesota; $8,50@10,50 for Penna extra family; $9,50@10,75 for Ohio extra family, and $11@13 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 500 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $8@8,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat has been scarce; 18,000 bus good to prime red sold at $2@2,10; 10,000 bus common to fair do at $1,90@1,96c; 8000 bus of amber at $2,10@2,14; small lots of No. 1 spring at $1,75@1,80, and small lots of white at $2,25@2,25 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—About 40 0 bus Penna and Western sold in lots at $1,50@1,55 ₩ bus. Corn—35,000 bus of old yellow sold at $1,20@1,22; 80,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,17@1,20; 2000 bus of white at $1,15, and 4000 bus of new yellow at 90c@$1,05 ₩ bus, as to condition. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus at 68@72c for Western and Penna, the former rate for dark, and 50@58c ₩ bus for Delaware, as to condition.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull; sales of Mess Pork at $28@29,50. Green Meats; sales of pickled Hams at 15@17c, and Shoulders at 11¼c. Lard; sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 17@17¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter, sales of solid packed at 25@30c, and prime Western and Penna at 35@42c.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $42,50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 42c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2,50@4,50 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 5½@11c. Peaches at 15@15½c for halves, 9½@10½c for quarters, and 16@26c ₩ ℔ for pared.

SEEDS—Cloverseed sold at $7@7,50, according to quality.

TALLOW—Sales of City rendered at 12¾c ₩ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5c ₩ ℔. 5000 Hogs sold at from $10,00 to 11,25 ₩ 100 ℔s.

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Asthma and Quinsy, frightful diseases! exclaims the reader. We admit they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment has disarmed them of their danger; by its use they can now be quickly and permanently cured; it never fails.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jel7-tf Box 230, Boston, Mass.

The best hotels use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

You may be Too Late.

Be warned in time. Diseases like Indigestion and Dyspepsia are not to be trifled with. There is such a thing as being *too late* in these matters. Inflammation, or Scirrhus Cancer, or some other dangerous disease may ensue, when all restoratives, no matter how potent, would be ineffectual. Do not delay then. When the symptoms of Dyspepsia are first experienced resort at once to the great restorative medicine, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and you will be safe.

But few disorders involve greater suffering, and, if not in itself immediately dangerous, it is the source of many deadly maladies. Even if it did not tend to greater evil, the mental and physical misery it produces is alone a sufficient reason why no pains should be spared to prevent or cure it. In no country on the face of the globe is it so completely domesticated as in our own, where it is found in nearly every household. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are universally conceded to be the sovereign remedy for this annoying disease, as they act directly upon the digestive organs, correct and tone the stomach, and give renewed vitality to the system. Acting delightfully upon the nerves and soothing the brain, renders them efficacious as a mental medicine, as well as a genial stomachic. If taken as a preventive, they will be found particularly well suited to the diseases arising from the unhealthy season of autumn, and their use will prevent the creeping, unpleasant sensation often complained of when the chills are stealing slowly upon the patient. nov7-4t

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb28-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, WILLIAM H. TILTON to EMILIE R. SMITH, daughter of Wm. H. Smith, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. J. HARRY YEARSLEY to Miss ANNA M. STULL.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. RICHARD B. YOUNG to Miss LIDIE S. COCKERILL, both of this city.

On the 26 instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. ALEXANDER FRAZER to Miss ELIZABETH B. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN L. DE KALB to Miss MARY A. D. WILKINS, both of this city.

On the 12th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN D. WELTHAUS to Miss MARY WHITTLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ANN, wife of the late Edward Conville, aged 87 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. GEORGE KING, Sr., in his 72d year.

On the 2d instant, JENNIE, wife of John Buchanan, in her 23d year.

On the 1st instant, CHARLES GAIR, in his 22d year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN IRWIN, son of James and Mary A. Nicholl, in his 27th year.

On the 1st instant, MARGARET GILLESPIE, in her 50th year.

On the 31st of Oct., STEPHEN L. MANCHESTER, in his 26th year.

On the 31st of Oct., Mr. JOHN HARTMAN, in his 36th year.

On the 31st of Oct., JOSEPH COWPERTHWAIT, in his 72d year.

LITTLE FOXES.

BY MRS. MARY CRAM.

Little foxes, spoiling
The beloved vine
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine—
Little foxes, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious
Growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences?
Have ye climbed the wall?
Were there tiny openings?
Ye are very small—
And ye can creep slyly
Through a tiny space;
But I thought I closed up
Every open place.

And I watch by daytime,
And I watch by night,
For the vine you're spoiling
Is my heart's delight!
I have kept the earth-worm
From its precious root:
I have trimmed its branches,
But they bear no fruit.

For the little foxes
Have assailed the vine
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine;
And though I've been faithful
Since its birth-day morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.

For they are the failings
That I would not see
When they were my failings,
When they dwelt in me;
Little faults unheeded
That I now despise,
For my baby took them
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often,
For I know I must,
But I do it always
Bowed down to the dust,
With a face all crimsoned
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper,
That I cannot hush.

And sometimes it seemeth
Like the Voice of God,
And it says, "Poor coward,
Using now the rod
On a child's frail body
Till I hear it moan,
And see its soft flesh quiver,
For a sin thine own!"

Oh, my Father, pity,
Pity and forgive:—
Slay the little foxes
I allowed to live,
Till they left the larger
For the smaller vine,
Till they touched the dear life,
Dearer far than mine.

Oh, my father, hear me,
Make my darling Thine,
Though I am so human,
Make her all divine!
Slay the little foxes,
That both vines may be
Ladened with fruit worthy
To be offered Thee.

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER III.

SOME LEAVES FROM JOHN'S EARLY STORY.

Miss Sarah McEwing, though not a very young woman, was still an extremely handsome one, despite the story her face told of some bitter history in the past. Every one who knew her knew something of it, though no one assumed to understand it fully. Her humble friends, the O'Connells, guessed something and had caught the rumor of more, from which they pieced out a legend to the effect that she had been married in early life and gone away to live with her husband in foreign parts, that the union had proved a most disastrous one, that there was some hidden disgrace, about which she had been grossly deceived, the knowledge of which coming to her just before the birth of her child had bereft her of reason, and that during her insanity her child had died. From this miserable condition her brother's devotion had at length rescued her, and for years she had lived with him, apparently restored to the interests and pleasures of existence, with but little trace of her painful experience visible in the busy, cheerful life she now led. She had that bright vivaciousness about her that compels sympathy from its sparkle and excess, and being a constant worker for others' good, was beloved of all classes of people with whom she came in contact.

It was for her sake that Rosie O'Connell put an extra polish on every thing that bright June morning, the second after their removal, and with her approval in view she dusted and re-arranged the sitting-room, walking backward after every application of her duster to take a critical glance at the effect of her work. Rosie was alone in the cottage. Tim and Mary Ann had gone to school, and Kitty and little Peter were off on one of those tireless excursions children take over new territory. Every thing looked so neat and cleanly about the place that Rosie was at length content to leave it alone and get out her basket of work beside the window nearest the road, so that she might catch the first glimpse of her expected visitor. It was homely needlework, consisting for the most part of garments to be patched and stockings to be heeled, but Rosie was so essentially tidy that nothing about her seemed coarse or out of place; and as she sat by the open window, whose casement was wreathed with summer vines, her own fresh, brown-eyed face and trim figure, clad in light spotted calico, made no unpleasant picture. She was a little thoughtful as she plied her needle, and seemed as busy unravelling some subject in her mind as she was gathering up loose threads in the stocking she was repairing; so very busy, indeed, that a tall, handsome lady entered her gate unnoticed, and coming up the garden path with a light step, stood still in the doorway with a smile on her observant face, waiting for recognition. Rosie looked up and uttered a cry of terror, that ended in sudden confusion on a second glance at her visitor.

"Oh! excuse me, if you please, Miss McEwing," she cried in great perturbation. "I didn't hear yer foot, and I was thinking like, and so got such a start that I couldn't think who it was for a minute. Walk in, and heaven bless you for this kind deed, as for every other you've done us."

"How nice and cheery you look," cried the lady in a clear, full voice, "and how comfortably every thing has fallen into its new place. I'm sure it seems as if you had belonged here all your lives."

"It's your own kind eyes, Miss Sarah, that always see nothing but good," returned Rosie. "We are going to make things nicer in time; but the place is beautiful, and John is just delighted with it entirely."

Miss McEwing took a chair close to the window, and drawing off her gloves, took up Rosie's basket.

"Here's an apron of Mary Ann's you're going to put a new binding on," she said. "Now I'll do it while you make me a cup of tea and tell me what you've been thinking about. I left the coach at the foot of the ridge and walked up to get a closer view of that deserted house on the other side of the creek. What a wonderful old place it is, Rosie, all guarded by ghostly poplars."

"It's not empty, ma'am," said Rosie, yielding her work as a matter of course, and raising the broad leaf of the old mahogany table before spreading the white cloth for her honored guest.

"Not empty?" inquired the lady; "that's odd, since the windows are all uncurtained and the rooms bare."

"That's on the side near the road," explained Rosie, "but ye must know there's a kind ov L that runs out where the trees are thickest, and it's there the people live that the place belongs to."

"Who can they be?" said Miss McEwing thoughtfully. "When my brother bought the place on the other side of the ridge and this little corner here, it was supposed that house was unoccupied and not likely to be lived in till its owner, a child, became of age."

Rosie had laid a snowy cloth on the table and placed a china cup and saucer with a small plate of home-made buns beside them. She now proceeded to draw the tea, and stepping into the little kitchen to do so, Miss McEwing rose, and work in hand, walked out on the porch and looked over in the direction Rosie had indicated as the position of the inhabited L of the deserted looking house. She could only catch sight of the outline and one small window peeping through the poplar boughs, but the desolate main dwelling stood out in bold relief from the clearing on the rise where it was situated, and all its glaring eyes of windows stared upon her blankly. The tea was drawing, and Rosie joined her to point out the improvements John designed in the garden, and the site of the cow shed Terry was going to build.

"Do you like it, really and truly?" asked Miss McEwing abruptly, and turning to watch the expression with which Rosie should answer her.

"How could I help liking it, ma'am? Whin you think of the alley I left and look about you here on the pleasant fields, you must know my falings better nor I can tell them."

"Yet I think there's something wanting, Rosie, or else I have not learned to read your face as well as I give myself credit in doing," said the other, kindly; "but it may not have anything to do with this. If it's trouble that I can help you in, you'll tell me, I know."

Rosie flushed with vexation.

"Please to walk in to yer tea, ma'am," she said; "sorra a one ov me deserves your goodness, if I make troubles out ov shadows, and I have no real ones, thank God."

"That's well," cried her friend, obeying the invitation; "troubles are but shadows at any rate, Rosie. How is John, and what is Mary Ann doing?"

"She's going to school, as you know, ma'am, though I'm thinking she's nearly as well larned as she should be in her station; as for John, he's everything you could wish, and all I fear is that he sticks too close at his books ov nights for his own health."

Rosie paused in pouring out the tea to glance inquiringly in Miss McEwing's face as she said this, for the lady had taken charge of the boy's fortunes, and his mother looked upon her as the arbitress of his fate.

"Mary Ann is very pretty, too pretty to have lived longer in that close little street you came from," said she, as if thinking aloud. "What do you want to do with the girl, Rosie?"

Rosie was a little startled by the abruptness of the question, and merely repeated, by way of reply,

"What do I mane to do wid her, ma'am?"

Miss McEwing laughed and said decisively,

"You know you are never taken at a disadvantage, Rosie. You always have a plan and a way to carry it through, so I ask what do you hope to do with Mary Ann?"

Rosie coughed slightly. "A body may have hopes, ye know, ma'am, that would sound like folly when put in words. If Mary Ann only has a push in her, maybe she may be something yet, with the eddication you have helped her to."

"A teacher?" suggested Miss McEwing.

"Oh," said Rosie, deprecatingly, "the poor thing may never have the wit for that: you know, she's young yet, and it's not right to set her up wid big notions."

A pattering of little feet sounded over the porch outside, two little voices in excited chattering accompanied them, and Kitty and little Peter came dashing along the hall and would have broken into the sitting-room if the sight of Miss McEwing had not transfixed them on its threshold.

"Well, little ones," said that lady, encouragingly, "don't let me shut out the sight of your mother; come and tell me how you like the country. What pretty flowers are those you have in your hand?

Here little Peter resumed his air of excitement and broke out, "The pretty lady gave them to me, and she gave Kitty some, and picked berries with us till she flied away."

The mother stood silent in astonishment. Kitty corroborated—"Yes, ma'am, she did, and she's nice and pretty, too."

"What do they mean, Rosie?" asked Miss McEwing, with interest. "What lady have you here?"

"None, ma'am, that I know of," she answered. "What is it, Kitty? Tell us, darling, what you and Pether mane."

Here both children spoke together for some minutes to the effect that some person unknown had played with them and found berries for them, had dressed their heads with flowers and grasses, and finally both agreed as to the mode of her departure, that "she had flied away."

"What did she look like, Kitty?" asked her mother, earnestly.

"Like a pretty lady," said Kitty, decidedly; "and she had nice, long hair, as white as Peter's."

Rosie sat down and looked steadily at the homely carpet at her feet for a few minutes. At length she said: "Go into the kitchen a bit, children, dear, but don't go beyant the back porch." So, thrusting a bun into the hand of each, she dismissed them and prepared herself to wait on her guest with more tea.

Miss McEwing looked at her steadily, and discovering signs of suppressed excitement about her, said gently,

"You're frightened, Rosie, tell me what's the matter."

"It's nothing, ma'am, I'm as good as sure it's nothing. Were you never bothered and distressed wid a bare fancy, ma'am? If you were you can understand me whin I tell you that I thought I saw a figure like a banshee ov a white lady the other night, and although my raison tells me it's rank nonsense, I'm trimbling like whiniver I think ov it. It's bright day now, and sich things niver are seen except at night, yet what the children tell me puts my heart to bating, and I'm like to faint wid dread ov something, I don't know what."

Poor Rosie trembled as she spoke and set down the pot she had lifted to fill her guest's cup.

"This is a strange story, Rosie, and all the stranger for being told by you who are so correct in what you say." Miss McEwing leant her elbow on the table and her cheek on her hand, and fell to looking on Rosie with a quiet, steadfast gaze that gradually turned inward and became the absent look of one who communes with her own heart. Rosie began to fidget a little under this scrutiny, and after biting her lip awhile interrupted the reverie by saying earnestly,

"Please, miss, don't think me foolish or draming, it's not my habit, and I'll soon be over this quare faling I have, it's a sort ov heaviness, ma'am, I shouldn't wonder if it would go off as it came like a flash ov fever."

The lady raised her head and shook off her thoughtfulness with a gay laugh.

"I'll explain the whole to you, Rosie," she said cheerily. "You see you were born in the country among just such scenes as these, and never saw a dirty, smoky city till after you were married, as you have told me. There's a touch of unconscious poetry in every heart and a good deal of it in yours that the sight of the spreading fields and flowers, and the song of the blackbirds and meadow larks awaken. Every one is sad in remembering, and this is like a ghost of your childhood come back again. It has oppressed you without showing you its cause, and as for the white figure, the moonlight among the vines out there could produce that."

"But ye see, miss," said Rosie respectfully, "there is nothing like this in the minds ov little Kitty and Pether, nor could the moon show thim a pretty lady gathering flowers at mid-day."

"True," said Miss McEwing, pausing; "but there might be pretty ladies here as well as anywhere else, it is not a desolate spot quite uninhabited except by you; there are country houses I know beyond the Ridge."

"Of coorse there are," cried Rosie, with a strong effort at conviction, and she rose and busied herself in putting away the tea things.

"So we'll go back to Mary Ann again," said the lady, resuming her sewing, "and you shall tell me what you think best for her in the future."

"Oh, Miss McEwing," said the mother deprecatingly, "you'll think me a dramer intirely whin I tell you that she has the voice ov a bird, as you know, and I wint and spoke to a great musician about her, and he says she is the making of a wonderful singer."

"There, Rosie," laughed the lady, "I knew we'd come to it at last; you may plot and plan as you please, but you must let me be your confidant when there's anything for me to do."

"Now, Miss McEwing," said the poor woman eagerly, and with a flushed face, "you really must not think I was mauing to beg more off you nor you have done already. It's time plinty for Mary Ann to begin yet, and I thought I could save something in the year before us to begin wid."

"Mary Ann is going to be very handsome. If you make her a fine singer it will bring her into public notice. Have you been calculating on all this, Rosie?"

"She's a modest girl, and has a steady, quiet spirit and a strong love ov good," answered her mother firmly; "there will be many a year before her beauty will be in any danger, and if she has a gift in her that will lift her out ov poverty and mane life, I'll niver kape her back for fear of it taking her wrong, but wid God's help I'll fill her mind and heart wid lessons ov thruth, and thin there's no danger at all."

"You're ambitious, Rosie," said the lady with a pleased smile.

"Well, ma'am, I don't know but I am," confessed Rosie, with a little excitement in her tone; "poverty is honorable, I know, and so is labor, but they're both hard and trying, and I think it should be the work ov one generation to lift the next out ov it if they can, not to be cherishing distriss and want as if they were blissings to be left to their children. I don't believe I ivir could feel above my station, but if wid striving we can find out a better, claner way, it's folly to be crawling along in the dirt."

Miss McEwing regarded her with interest as she spoke, when she paused, apparently a little surprised at herself for saying so much, she asked quietly,

"Then why did you say Mary Ann had learning enough for her station in life without further study?"

Rosie laughed and blushed.

"Och now, did I say so, thin?" said she. "Well, I have found out that you can do more if you work quiet like, and widout crying out yer intintions, so I've jist fallen into that way I suppose."

Her face flushed painfully as she ceased speaking, and she added after a moment's pause,

"You must know, Miss Sarah, I have a raison, and a strong one, besides my natural wish to push my children for'rad in the world, I always mint to tell you, but some way no time seemed the right time till now."

The lady put down her sewing and looked closely at the speaker.

"Would you rather I told you what you have to tell, or say it yourself?" she asked.

Rosie's eyes dilated in surprise, but she simply stared at Miss Sarah with parted lips.

"You are going to say that John is not your own son in the matter of flesh and blood, that he was not born to you, though you love him as dearly and earnestly as ever a mother loved a son."

"Who told you?" cried the mother in a whisper.

"I guessed it," answered the other in the same tone.

There was a long silence. Rosie transferred her thoughtful stare to the carpet, and Miss McEwing continued to watch her face.

"Then, miss," she said, breaking the stillness in a deep, earnest tone; "you made no great or sounding words to convey to your heart what the boy is to mine. He'll rise, as he has risen, wid your good aid, and I'm that fond ov him that I cannot bear to think the time will iver come whin he'd turn his back on us all for shame. He knows his story. I couldn't deceave him into clinging to us as his born relations, so that he could not remember I have told him, and he loves us all wid all his heart, and has no plan for himself that don't take the rist ov us in wid it."

Great big tears sprang into the full brown eyes and rolled down the flushed cheeks as she spoke.

"Maybe it's a mane and selfish faling, and if I was higher born or better bred I mightn't think as I do, but now I'm just striving to make the boys and girls worthy of John as his brothers and sisters, and if I can lave thim in his care, knowing that they're fit for it, and will value it, I'll count my work done and the battle I'm fighting gained."

Miss McEwing beat the floor softly with her foot, her face was rather pale, and her mouth contracted painfully two or three times, but no word or look expressed sympathy with her humble friend's story.

"So Mary Ann is to be a singer," she said pleasantly, as if there had been no feeling on either side.

Rosie drew a long breath, and fell back into her own composure before replying.

"Yes, ma'am, wid heaven's blissing and good health she'll begin in a month or two the gintleman said, but ye see it's a saycret, for I've niver told even John yet. He's a Frinchman, I suppose, though I'm sure I don't know, except that it's there all foreigners seem to me to come from, and he has two little girls wid no mother to look after thim. He's boarding and minding them to a big school where they are larned all kinds ov wonderful things. So whin I heard that, as I did from the girl that opened the door to me, I made bold to propose to him that I'd take the washing and minding of their clothes, and kape the little craytures tidy, if he'd do what he could to give Mary Ann a start wid the tunes. For a while I couldn't get it bate intil his understanding, but he's sinsible ov it now, and will begin whin I get her things ready to go in twice a week, and break the bargain to Terry."

"You've not told him yet?"

Rosie shook her head.

"Ye see I don't trouble him wid these little things except to ask his advice whin everything's settled. Whin a man has his work to look to, miss, it would be foolish in a woman to disturb him about trifles."

Miss McEwing assented, and smiled as she did so.

"That's your management, Rosie, but won't this new trouble be too great a burden to you?" she asked.

"Never fear, miss, you see I would be a bit lonely if I didn't have plenty to do and think ov, and there's nothing more cheering than work whin it gains a good object."

"Rosie," said Miss McEwing suddenly, and in a changed voice, "will you mind telling me something of John's real story? I wouldn't ask you but that you broke the subject to me yourself, and I interrupted you by saying I guessed part of it."

"What I know is easily told," she answered quickly. She drew her chair closer and fixed her eyes earnestly on her companion's face. "Whin I finish you will please tell me if there is any way that he could be taken from us, or—" here her voice trembled, "if the law could force us to part—if any one would try to bring it against us."

"It is twelve years ago in October that we landed in New York, Terry and me, and the two childer. It was a dull time for finding work, and though we were not likely to starve widout it, owing to a little penny ov money we had put by us, I nivir was one of thim that would wait till the last was gone before I looked for more, so as Terry met with poor luck whereiver he turned, I thought I would do what I could to help him—which was little enough any way. Well, I got work at tailor's clothes, and it just kept my heart from breaking wid longing after the old place I'd left behind me; and you may be sure that whin I found I could drive away bitter falings wid making my needle fly, I kept well at it. The time I used to go home wid the things was generally whin it grew too dark to work and not late enough to light the candles. It was raging cold weather, for winter had set in early, and the pavements were covered with snow and sleet one night as I wint hurrying along wid my heart in my mouth—for I had left the childer wid a slip ov a girl to mind thim, and I was no ways aisy as to how things would go on till I got back.

"Terry had gone up till Albany wid a boy he know'd in the old country, who kept a public house there, and gave a great account of the plintiness ov the work. But his story didn't hang together, and I didn't belave all he said, so I just begged Terry to go and look about him before he'd take us to a strange place, wid no where to turn to if things wint wrong. Well, I had my bundle ov work on me arm, and was turning a corner near the place I lived, whin a gentleman in front of me slipped and his feet flew from him and he came down on the back ov his head wid a great thump. I niver noticed so few people about the corner before—but it was a rough night and near supper time, which was the raison maybe—at anyrate whin I dropped my bundle and lifted his head, there was no one to give me a hand but a lad that was running about wid papers under his arm. The poor fallen craytur couldn't spake, but jist kept staring about him whin I got him on his feet, so I begged the boy to hilp to lade him up to my own door which was handy, and we set him in a chair and gev him a drink, before he revived and got his wits about him again. He seemed a well-spoken man, and paid the boy freely for the hand he lint him, and asked me about myself and childer wid great interest in our ways ov living. I suppose he sat an hour listening and looking about him, for he was slow to speak himself; and whin he rose to go, he laid a piece of gold in little Tim's hand as he patted his head, so slyly, that I give ye my word I didn't see it till he was gone out of the house. I was no ways sorry for the lift it would give us, though my spirit wouldn't let me take it for pay for kindness—and yet the man did lave a pleasant faling after him, tho' it was easier to find fault wid him nor to give a raison for it. He was civil spoken, but not kind looking, and though nothing could be milder nor his words, there was a sharpened glance in his eye and a hardness about his mouth that warned you not to trust him. Someway I took to thinking him over, and as I sat up late that night to get the work well started, I could not get him out ov my mind.

"Terry had no luck at all in Albany, and so came home mighty down-hearted, and tuck to finding fault wid the country, and wishing we were back home in Ireland. Now of all the useless things a man can do, standing still to look back and regret is the worst. It someways seems natural for a woman to love what's gone, and yet do her duty by what she has; but when a man takes to lamenting, it jist breaks his spirit, and there's no good to be looked for. We had but little money left thin, for Terry had spint a good deal on his journey; and yet what there was I thought well laid out to lift Terry's heart above his troubles, and get him started to Boston, where he heard there was a good chance for a laboring man, and was willing to try before he lost concate wid de country intirely.

"I could make enough wid my needle to kape us, and off he wint, laving me glad to see him in spirits again; but he came home at the ind ov a fortnight jist in despair and widout one cent in his pocket. He was sick ov the country thin, and would have gone back to Ireland begging his way if he could. That wasn't the worst ov our troubles, for as you know we hadn't time to think what to do next when the place closed up where I got me work and I was thrown idle. I didn't tell Terry, poor fellow, for his heart was weighty enough widout another load, and I had the gold piece the gentleman left between us and starvation, an' I didn't despair. I was mending up something for the childer one night, after Terry had gone to bed wid a heavy heart—for I always felt we would get something to do if we tried hard, and I had best use this idle time for the little ones.

"It was cold enough, for I had cleaned out the stove and laid the fire for the morning; the children were warmly covered in bed, and I had my cloak and an old shawl over my own shoulders, whin a rap came to the door. I jumped wid fear, for my mind had been far away, and I was thinking ov the nights we young folks used to have round the bright peat fire at home, spinning and cracking jokes. Before I could get up, another rap followed, and a third sounded before I opened the door.

"There stood a man wid a heavy cloak around him and a large bundle under it. He had a cap on wid fursides drawn down over his face, and he spoke hoarsely as if to mislead me, but I knowed well enough it was the same man I had lifted in the street and that had left us the gold piece whin he wint away.

"'Good woman,' he said, 'I've a child here overcome by the cold, and I want your aid in rousing. Where's your fire?'

"'It's gone down, sir,' says I, 'but I'll have it up in a minute.' And I flew to and struck a match to the shavings so that a blaze followed my words. The man looked about him for somewhere to put the child that he hadn't uncovered yet. There was but a table and a few chairs in the room; our bed stood in a little back place wid a curtain before it.

"'Do you know where to find a doctor?' says he.

"'There's none very handy,' says I, bringing up the chairs to the fire and making a cushion on thim ov me cloak and a blanket or two.

"He laid the child down, still shielding his face, and always speaking and looking towards the door, so that I made sure there was some one else coming that could go for a doctor if one was naded.

"'Have you anything to give him, anything warm and reviving?' he asked.

"I had not a bite or sup in the place but a drop of whiskey Terry had left in a cup. Ye see, miss, that was a misfortune wid Terry. Sorrow drove him to take a drink too much sometimes, and he was slaping heavy now wid the same. I poured a spoonful of water in it and put it over the blaze to heat—turning my back on the man and the child as I did so; the smoke got in my throat and eyes, and I fell to coughing and spilt a little, that blazed up round my fingers till I was bothered intirely, but it was only a minute or two till I had it hot, and turned wid it to give it to the man, when, by all that's wonderful, he was gone, and me and the child were there alone. I ran to the door and looked out, for I thought he could not have gone but a step. He was not in sight, nor could I get a glimpse ov him whin I ran to the corner and looked up and down. I flew back again whin my heart tould me that let what would happen, the child must not suffer. I lifted the cloak and things from about him, and saw a handsome boy wid a big, dark spot on the side ov his head from which the blood was oozing slowly, though he breathed as if in a heavy slape. I was quite beside myself at this, and I can hardly tell you what I did clearly, though I mind half dragging Terry out ov the bed in a vain effort to wake him, and trying to force a few drops of the warm drink down the poor child's throat. Suddenly the thought struck me that I could run to a young apothecary near by, that I had done a few turns for whin he was bad in a fever wid no nurse to look to him once, in the same month we landed. He was just closing up the shutters, and it was nearly twelve o'clock he tould me; but he left the finishing ov the job to his boy, and came wid me as fast as he could. I half expected to find neither man nor child whin I got back, but the poor little crayture lay as I had left him in the chairs, and the young man looked at him, and says he—

"'It must have been a heavy blow that done this; or could it be a fall?'

"'Of course it could,' says I. 'See what you can do to hilp the darling; his father's away after his distracted mamma.'

"You see, miss, I jist said this at a venture; for if some people think there's any mystery going, they're that curious they can do nothing but stand and glower; and I wanted the young man to work and not ask questions that I couldn't answer till I could get my wits about me, and see what would come ov it all. Well, I could find no fault wid him, for he did everything that could be expected and more too. While he was gone off to his place after something he naded, my eye caught sight ov a little paper rolled round something on the table. It was two gold pieces, each ten dollars; and on the paper was written 'Kape this child and your own counsil, and this will be paid you every month.' I'll show it to you, Miss McEwing. I have it safe, wid the clothes he had on him that night. Though after the first two years I never got a penny. This last discovery jist turned my head. I

was so astonished and confused that all the wit I had left was to hold my tongue and hide my falings. The boy seemed to come to himself but very slowly. The young man said he had done all any one could do; and I belave he did. After a bit he wint away, laving directions wid me that seemed like words spoke in a drame, and thin I stood looking at the purty little fellow widout sinse enough to know what to do nixt. Suddenly I saw Terry standing beside me, his eyes jumping out ov his head wid astonishment.

"'What in the name ov all the saints is this?' he asked

"I told him the whole thing as it happened, and showed him the paper. It sobered him in a moment, and his wits were better than mine.

"'Kape him,' says he, 'we have no choice now but this or starving; the money will buy us what we nade to eat any way; and who knows what luck he'll bring us some time. I've read ov the like, though I niver saw it before.'

"'Well, miss, I tuck my husband's advice, and told the apothecary that the child was to stay wid us till he was well, and he niver said a word about it, except asking us a small bill which we were glad to pay out ov the two gold pieces. He was a young Garman, and I niver know'd half he did say, which was but little any way. The poor boy, our own dear John, came slowly round, and for weeks seemed stupid like, but when a year was come and gone, and we had moved to this city—through the advice ov the strange man who wrote us two letters in the first year, and sint us the money regular—he began to pick up, and look and play like other children.'"

"How old was he then?" asked Miss McEwing, in a voice of deep interest.

"It was jist the same year we came over, and I always tuck him to be between five and six, though I had no way ov knowin for sartain."

"He must remember something of his early life, then?"

"Nothing that was any satisfaction to me. You see, miss, I couldn't help him to recall anything, and I've jist come to the belafe that half the wonderful mimory ov children is picked up from what they hear happened, and they lave to fancy they remember it all. It may have been the blow he had, to be sure—for you see, miss, it had a stupefying effect on him for awhile, or it may have been that he was afraid to speak, for he was that timid the first year that he would cower down into a corner if you looked sharp at him—but he niver named my one but 'Jane,' and her only by chance."

"What kind of letters did the man write, Rosie? Did they give you any clue to his connection with the boy?"

"I'll show thim to ye this minute—they are nothing but directions about the money, or advice to lave New York, but maybe you, that are a larned lady, can see more in thim nor such as us could make out."

So saying she rose, and went towards the door of the inner room, while her listener remained thoughtfully silent, and followed her with her eyes.

As she opened it, she paused with the handle in her hand, to say earnestly and emphatically:

"But, as true as I hope to be saved, that man was niver my John's father; and I hope, miss, you'll be as sure ov it as I am, whin ye read the letters, for some how I niver could bear to think ov our dear lad being the son ov sich a cowld hearted villain."

She looked beseechingly at the lady, as if to implore her sympathy with this view of the case, and adding:

"But I'll not keep you waiting longer than I can help; it's in an old box I brought from home with me, at the bottom of a seachest we bought in Liverpool, before we came over, and I'll away and search it out."

She closed the door after her, and Miss McEwing sat alone so fully wrapt in her own cogitations that she never raised her eyes or moved, till she became conscious by degrees that something was moving beside her, and slowly brought back her thoughts to the little room and what it contained.

In beginning to speak of John's story, Rosie, with characteristic caution, had closed the hall-door, and the viney curtains on the windows made the light imperfect and full of dancing shadows from the stirring of the leaves. Her visitor raised her eyes inquiringly, looked in uncertain fear, and drew back convulsively, as if unable to take in or doubting what they disclosed to her—then a horror, too terrible for words, wrought upon her features, her lips opened wide in the effort to shriek out her terror, but the petrified sound only gurgled in her throat, and she fell back in the chair from which she strove in vain to rise, a figure of stone, life and blood frozen in her, and a nameless horror painted in her still open eyes.

A little thing to cause such dread—the figure of a girl in white, with long, fair hair, and great wandering violet eyes, that flitted noiselessly away, as she had come out into the sunshine, down the path by the close thick-growing bushes, and was lost to view. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"LOVE, HONOR, AND OBEY."

Promise to love!—Why, woman thinks
To love a privilege, not a task;
If thou wilt truly take my heart
And keep it, this is all I ask.

Honor thee!—Yes, if thou wilt live
A life of truth and purity;
When I have seen thy worthiness,
I cannot choose but honor thee.

Obey!—When I have fully learned
Each want and wish to understand,
I'll learn the wisdom to obey,
If thou hast wisdom to command.

So if I fail to live with thee
In duty, love, and lowliness,
'Tis Nature's fault, not thine, or both;
The greater must control the less.

☞ Show me a man who can define," said Plato, "and I will worship him as a god." Webster would have suited him, particularly in his old definition of a boil, as a "circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed, pustular tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a peruncutis."

☞ During Payson's last illness, a friend coming into his room, remarked familiarly, "Well, I'm sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. P., smilingly. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

THE INTRODUCTION.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

COUNT DE MELGOSA.

The Spaniards remained on the defensive for some time longer; they could not believe in their marvellous deliverance, and expected the Red Skins to return at every moment and attack them again. The entire night, however, passed without the deep silence of the desert being disturbed otherwise than by the ferocious howling of the jaguars, and the snapping bark of the coyotes, which were proceeding in packs to the watering places. At sunrise they perceived that the canon was entirely deserted, and that their savage enemies had given up all attempt to carry their encampment by storm. After returning thanks to heaven for the unexpected help sent them in their distress, they busily set to work burying the dead, in order that they might be able to start as soon as possible.

Their loss during the obstinate fight with the Indians was serious. Four of the count's brave soldiers had fallen, the two others were wounded, and himself and the Canadian had only escaped by a miracle. The hunter was forced to allow that for the fifteen years he had been traversing the prairie, in all the engagements he had fought with the Red Skins, he never saw them proceed with so much method, and display such obstinacy in their attack. The Spaniards, certain of having nothing more to fear, left their entrenchments and proceeded to the mainland in order to bury their dead.

At length, when they had paid the last rites to their comrades, and had rolled heavy stones upon the graves to prevent the bodies being profaned by wild beasts, the hunters hastily took their morning meal, saddled their horses, and set out again, saddened by the mournful incident which had interrupted their journey so painfully. All smiled around them. The day announced itself under magnificent auspices, the birds saluted with their merry songs the apparition of the day star, the leaves glistened with dew, a thick mist rose from the ground, a perfumed breeze rustled the branches. In a word, all breathed calm joy and pure happiness in this desert, which, but a few hours previously, had been witness of a horrid scene of carnage.

As on the previous day the count and the adventurer rode side by side, absorbed in gloomy thoughts, and looking round them absently and carelessly. At length the Canadian drew himself up, shook his head several times as if to dismiss a troublesome thought, and turning to the count said, as if he were completing aloud an internal thought—

"Stuff, a little sooner or a little later, a man must die after all."

"Yes," the count said with a sad smile, "dying is indeed the common law. But dying thus, far from one's friends, beneath the bullets of unworthy foes, without benefit to humanity—that is truly frightful, and what heaven ought not to permit."

"Do not murmur against Providence, senor. These men have fallen, it is true; but their death was not so useless as you seem to think, because it enabled you to await the help which delivered you."

"That is true, and I am wrong; still I cannot help pitying the fate of devoted servants, whose death I indirectly caused."

"It was a glorious fight, vigorously carried on upon both sides. Still it was time for our liberators to arrive. Had they not, it is more than probable that we should now be also lying lifeless on the ground. But," he added, after a moment's reflection, "why did our saviors go off in that way? I fancy they might have joined us, if not to receive our congratulations and thanks, at least to inquire into our state."

"What good would that do? The Queen of the Savannah heard our muskets, that was sufficient to prove to her that we were still alive and able to fight."

"That is possible," the Canadian continued thoughtfully; "but however great may be the obligation I have contracted towards the extraordinary woman you call by that name, I shall not be satisfied till I shall have been close to her."

"Why so? With what have you to reproach her? Why obstinately try to disturb the secrets of a person who must be an object of indifference to you?"

"You are mistaken on that head, senor. This woman, this strange being, has already interfered twice in my affairs at a very short interval of time. A man like myself, senor, does not contract serious obligations, unless he knows that he will be able some day to repay to the person who forces such protection upon him."

The count burst into a laugh.

"Caballero, caballero," he said, "you are punctilious, and difficult to satisfy. Any one in your place would readily put up with the affront, and not be at all anxious to know to whom he owes so great an obligation."

"Everybody, senor, looks at matters from his own point of sight; for my part I repeat that the way in which the woman to whom we are alluding has twice interfered in my affairs has excited in me, I will not say a curiosity, but such a lively interest, that I swear to you I mean to learn something about her at all risks so soon as I am at liberty again."

"Take my advice, Don Oliver, do not try to discover the matter, for there is a sad story beneath it."

"You know her, then?"

"Perhaps so. I can only form conjectures, for the persons directly interested in that woman's actions insist on maintaining the deepest silence."

"Why, wait a minute," the Canadian said, hitting his forehead like a man who suddenly remembers something he had quite forgotten, and which an accidental remark revealed. "I believe now that Don Aurelio Gutierrez told us at the Hacienda del Bario certain facts connected with this person."

"To what are you alluding, senor?"

"Good gracious! I attached but slight importance to the narrative at the time, so that what I heard is very confused in my head. Still I think it referred to the extermination of an Indian tribe encamped on Don Annibal de Saldibar estates, and atrocious revenge on the part of the Red Skins, in consequence of which the haciendero's wife became insane."

"Yes, all that you say is true. When Dona Emilia regained her reason she vowed an implacable hatred against the Indians, and since that period, if what is said be true, she has constantly pursued them without truce or mercy, hunting them down, and massacreing them like wild beasts."

"That is indeed extraordinary."

"The Red Skins, tracked by this lady, whom they believe to be protected by a charm, as she has constantly foiled their snares, and escaped unwounded from all their attacks, have conceived such a superstitious fear for her that her name alone, as you saw last night, is sufficient to cause them a wild terror and set them to flight, and as if rendering homage to the terror with which she has continued to inspire them, they have given her the name you heard repeated during the fight."

"The Queen of the Savannah?"

"Yes."

"I have often heard the Indians speak of this strange creature, whom they imagine to be a species of malevolent genius, and about whom they recount the most fantastic and improbable stories; but I confess I was far from suspecting that the Queen of the Savannah and Dona Emilia de Saldibar were one and the same person."

"I do not say that they are, and I affirm nothing; I merely repeat to you what is said."

"How is it that you, a friend of Don Annibal, are not better informed about the affair?"

"Because, I repeat once again, Don Annibal maintains an obstinate silence on the subject; and if by any chance this mysterious being is alluded to in his presence he at once turns the conversation, so that no one exactly knows what to believe, and is forced to make conjectures more or less probable."

"Very good," the hunter answered, "I thank you for your information, caballero. But, viva Dios! I swear to you that I will force Don Annibal to tell me how matters really are; or, if he will not, I shall not hesitate to question his wife."

"I doubt greatly whether you will be able to obtain even the shortest interview with her. She is constantly shut up in her apartments with her daughter. No one sees her, and several of her domestics even do not know her."

"You excite my curiosity the more, senor."

"All the worse for you, caballero," the count continued; "for admitting that you succeeded in seeing Dona Emila, I am convinced that she would not consent to answer any of the questions you thought proper to ask her."

"Oh, oh! that appears to me rather too strong; but no matter, I will not recognize defeat, and I pledge you my word that so soon as I return to the hacienda, I will try, by all the means in my power, to obtain the clue of the enigma."

"As you please, caballero. I have warned you, and have no right to check or encourage you in what you intend doing. Still, if I may be allowed to offer my advice in so serious a matter, I would invite you to refrain. It is not always prudent to try and interfere in people's business against their will, especially when it does not concern you in any way."

"I thank you for your advice, caballero, though it is not in my power to follow it. But," he said, as he stopped his horse, and laid his hand over his forehead to keep off the sunlight, who is that coming down there?"

"Where?" the count asked, imitating the hunter.

"There, in front of us; a horseman is coming up at full speed."

"It is true," the count said; "I can just distinguish him in the cloud of dust raised by his horse's hoofs."

"Hum!" the Canadian said, as he cocked his rifle; "if he be alone, we can easily settle him; but when a thing is doubtful, it is always as well to take one's precautions."

"What are you about?"

"As you can see, I am preparing to receive the coming visitor."

In the meanwhile, the horseman rapidly approached the Spaniards, and it was soon easy to see, by his dress and horse harness, that he was a Mexican. While galloping, this man made signs as if wishing to attract the attention of the travellers, and induce them to advance.

"I was not mistaken," the count said all at once; "uncock your rifle, caballero; you have nothing to fear, for that individual is one of my peons. What motive could have induced the countess to send off a courier?"

"We are going to learn," the Canadian replied, as he laid his rifle across his saddle-bow again, "for he will have joined us in five minutes."

In fact, the horseman shortly after accosted them. He was a sturdy peon, with sunburnt face and powerful limbs; he was well armed, and rode one of those prairie horses which European steeds can never equal. On coming up to his master, he stopped his horse so short that its four feet seemed to be suddenly welded to the ground, and, bowing respectfully to the count, he took from the China crape faja, tightly fastened round his hips, a bag of opossum skin, from which he drew a letter, and handed it to his master. The count opened the letter, but before reading it looked at the peon with ill-disguised anxiety, and said to him—

"Has anything new occurred at the hacienda, Diego Lopez?"

"Nothing, mi amo, that I know of at least."

"The senora is not indisposed?"

"No, excellency; but on learning from the lancero, whom you sent to Leona Vicario, that you would probably pass the hacienda on your return without stopping, she gave me this letter, and bade me make all speed."

"Is that really all? You are telling the truth, Diego Lopez?"

"By my share of Paradise, excellency, I have told you all exactly as it happened."

"Very good—wait."

And, turning to the Canadian, he said—

"Will you permit me?"

"A letter which has arrived in this way, senor, must be of importance, so read it without further delay."

The count at once began reading, but he had only got through a few lines ere his face was covered with a deadly pallor.

"What is the matter, senor?" the hunter asked anxiously; "are you ill, or has the letter really brought bad news?"

"Neither, caballero," the count answered, making a violent effort to regain his coolness; "I thank you, but this letter reminds me of a date which I had not forgotten, alas!" he said with a sigh, "for that is impossible, but which I might have allowed to pass, owing to present circumstances. Instead of conducting you straight to Leona Vicario, as I originally intended, I am compelled to stop at my hacienda. Are you disposed to accept the poor rustic hospitality I can offer you, or will you continue your journey to the *cuidad*, under the guidance of Diego Lopez?"

"I am entirely at your disposal, senor, and will do what you think proper, as I am in no hurry; you shall decide my movements."

"As you are so accommodating, we will proceed to the hacienda. Diego Lopez, ride on ahead, and inform your mistress of our speedy arrival."

The peon bowed, bent over his horse's neck, dug his spurs into its sides, and started at a gallop.

"We need not hurry," the count said, "for we are only two leagues at the most from the hacienda."

"I will ride at your pace," the hunter replied; "besides, the sun is still high."

"The hospitality we have to offer will be sad, senor; family grief has, unfortunately, banished joy for ever from my hearth. I ask you, therefore, to excuse any formality which may be visible in the countess's reception of you."

The Canadian bowed politely, and they went on. In about an hour they perceived the lofty and thick walls of a vast hacienda, built on the top of a scarped rock.

"Oh, oh!" the hunter said, admiring the strength of this majestic building, "that is an admirable fortress."

"It is the hacienda to which I am taking you, senor, and of which I am the owner."

"Viva Dios! I regret that a citadel like that is not in the possession of the party I have joined."

"Yes," the count said, with a sigh, "its position is well chosen."

"Admirably. With a good garrison, it would be possible to hold out for a long time against an army."

"Alas! there was one ill-omened day on which these strong walls, defended by a garrison of brave and devoted men, could not save it from being taken by storm, and plundered by the Comanches."

The count heaved a deep sigh as he uttered these words. The hunter, afraid of saddening his host by dwelling on a subject which seemed so painful to him, tried to turn the conversation.

"Good gracious!" he said, "I did not notice before that the hacienda is entirely surrounded by water."

"Yes, the river has been turned so as to form a belt round it. Our ancestors, compelled continually to contend against the insurrections of the natives, who only assumed the yoke with great reluctance, built perfect citadels, and took their precautions against an attack. But here we are on the river bank; you must dismount and enter the boat; it is the only way of passing to the other side."

"I suspect," the hunter said, with a laugh, "that there is another—a ford, for instance; but you do not care to show it to me."

"Perhaps so," the count answered, with a smile; "suppose there were, would you think me wrong?"

"On my word, no," said the Canadian; "war is a game like any other, in which the cleverer player has the best chance of winning."

While talking, they had dismounted, and handed their horses to the soldiers. At this moment the boat, pulled by two sturdy peons, came up to them; they got in, and in a few minutes found themselves on a sort of small quay, ten yards wide at the most.

"Come," the count said.

The hunter followed his host, and entered a narrow, rugged path which ran round the hill, and which foot-travellers could alone follow, as it was kept up so badly, perhaps purposely. At length, after ascending in this way for about a quarter of an hour—not without halting several times to take breath, so rapid and abrupt was the incline—the two men reached the top of the hill, and found themselves in front of the hacienda, from which they were only separated by an abyss some twenty feet wide. A drawbridge, formed of two narrow planks thrown across the precipice, supplied them with a rather precarious passage, and they at length found themselves inside the fortress.

"Well, well," the hunter muttered, as he looked searchingly around him; "the persons inhabiting this house do not seem to me persuaded that peace will be durable."

CHAPTER XX.

DIEGO LOPEZ.

The count did not give the hunter time to make many observations.

"Excuse me," he said, "if my behavior does not appear exactly in accordance with the claims of courtesy: but war may break out at any moment between the Spanish government and the Mexican patriots, and an ambassador, if he understands his profession, is always more or less a spy."

"That is true," the hunter said, with a smile.

"You understand, I suppose, that I am not desirous to let you examine in detail fortifications which you may be ordered to attack within a few days."

"Quite true, senor. I did not think of that; your prudence is legitimate."

"However," the count continued, "be assured, senor, that, with the exception of the care I am compelled to take in hiding from you our resources and defensive measures, you will have no cause to complain of the manner in which you will be treated here."

"I am convinced of that beforehand, senor."

"Be kind enough, then, to follow me. I wish to introduce you to the countess."

"Do you consider that absolutely necessary?" the hunter asked, as he looked at his shabby clothes which displayed marks of long and hard wear.

The count looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"As you are aware, senor," the Canadian answered, good humoredly, "I am only an ignorant hunter; of use, perhaps, to give a companion a helping hand in a difficult situation, but quite out of my place in a drawing-room, especially in the presence of a great lady like the countess."

"Nonsense, you are jesting, my friend. A man like you is nowhere out of place. The countess, I am convinced, will be delighted to know you; and I assure you that you will cause me great vexation by refusing to be introduced to her."

"Very good; as you insist, I have no more to say."

He followed the count who, after crossing two spacious court yards, led him through a labyrinth of sumptuous apartments, at the end of which he showed him into a large drawing-room furnished with all the luxurious comfort of old Europe. In this room, seated on a sofa near a window whence a magnificent view was enjoyed, was a lady of a certain age, with a gentle and pleasing face, which must have been very lovely in youth. This lady, who was dressed in mourning, was the Countess de Melgosa.

"My dear Dona Carmencita," the count said, "permit me to present to you a friend of one day's standing, who has saved my life."

"He is welcome to our sad abode," the lady said, as she rose with a peaceful and calm smile. "We will try, since he deigns to accept our hospitality, to render his stay in this isolated hacienda as little wearisome as we can."

"Madam," the Canadian answered, as he bowed with that natural courtesy which men in whom a false education has not destroyed nature possess to so eminent a degree, "I am only a poor man, unworthy of the gracious reception you deign to offer me. If accident furnished me with the opportunity to do your husband a slight service, I am more than rewarded by the kind remarks you have addressed to me. Unfortunately, I shall not be able to enjoy your exquisite hospitality for long."

"You will surely remain a few days, senor; it would disoblige me if you answered by a refusal."

"Alas! madam, I am in despair. I should be delighted to forget here, for some time, the fatigue and dangers of a desert life; unfortunately, serious reasons independent of my will compel my presence at Leona Vicario as early as possible. The Senor Conde knows that we must start to-morrow at sunrise."

The countess displayed signs of great astonishment.

"Can it be true, Don Fadrique?" she said to the count, while looking inquiringly at him.

"Indeed," he answered, "Senor Clary is in such haste to get to Leona, that if we had not been found by your messenger a few leagues from here, we should have continued our journey without calling at the hacienda."

"It is impossible!" the countess exclaimed, her face suffused with a hectic flush.

"Why so?" he continued.

The countess heaved a heavy sigh.

"Have you forgotten, then, Don Fadrique," she at length said, in a low and trembling voice, "that to-morrow is the anniversary of the fatal day?"

"Ah!" the count exclaimed, as he sorrowfully smote his brow, "forgive me, Dona Carmencita. In truth I cannot leave the hacienda to-morrow—oh, no! not even if it were a question of life and death."

The hunter, who was greatly embarrassed, listened, without understanding a word, to this conversation in which he did not dare to take part, as he feared, if he spoke, he might make some mistake; but the count freed him from his embarrassment by turning and saying to him—

"I am sure you will excuse me, Senor Clary. Reasons of the deepest gravity demand my presence to-morrow at the hacienda; hence it will be impossible for me to accompany you to the governor and introduce you to him. But, though I cannot go myself, I give you in my place a person in whom you can place entire confidence, and I will join you at the ciudad the day after to-morrow. It is in reality, therefore, only a trifling delay of four and twenty hours, which will in no way injure you."

"You know better than I do, senor, what it is best to do, hence do not put yourself out of the way for me; it will be all right if I am permitted to continue my journey to-morrow."

"You can be sure of it."

"But," the countess said, ringing a bell, "after the fatigues to which you have been exposed for two days, you must require a few hours' rest, senor; forgive me for not having thought of it sooner. Be kind enough to follow this peon, who will conduct you to the room prepared for you, and we shall meet again at dinner."

The hunter comprehended that the countess desired to remain alone with her husband. Although he did not feel the slightest need of rest, he bowed respectfully to the lady, and followed the servant. The latter led him in silence to a vast room, in which he invited him to enter, saying that he had three hours before him, which he could pass either in sleeping or smoking. In fact, a hammock of cocoa fibre was suspended in the room, and a mountain of cigars and cigarettes placed on a table. The servant merely told the hunter that he had better not leave his room, as he might lose his way. This was clearly saying to the Canadian that he was regarded as a prisoner, or something very like it; at least he understood it so. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, and made the peon a sign to leave him alone, which the other at once obeyed.

"By Jove!" the hunter said, as he lay down in the hammock, and lit a cigar, "it must be confessed that this Don Fadrique, this Count de Melgosa, is a somewhat mysterious being, and guards himself with as much care as if he had a kingdom to defend; but what do I care? Thank heaven! I have not to stay here long, and have no intention of carrying his wigwam by storm."

He looked round and saw that not only had cigars been brought for him, but that refreshments had been added in the shape of several *botas*, containing pulque, mezcal, and Catalonian refino.

"Come," he said, "I was prejudiced against my host. He is decidedly a famous fellow."

After this consoling reflection the hunter rose and went to the table, doubtless with the intention of tasting the liquors upon it, and spending in the most agreeable way possible the hours at his disposal.

The dinner was rather gloomy. The countess was not present, but sent her apologies to the hunter, who was not broken-hearted at her absence; for, in spite of the old lady's gracious manners, he felt constrained in her presence. When the dinner was ended the count repeated that it was impossible for him to accompany him on the morrow, but would give him a sure guide. He handed him a letter of recommendation for the governor, and, after renewing to the Canadian his promise of joining him on the following day, he took leave of him for the night, and retired.

The adventurer was not sorry to be alone. In spite of the count's attention he retained in his manner toward him a certain aristocratic hauteur, which hurt him, although it was impossible for him to display the dissatisfaction he felt. The same silent domestic who had already served him led Oliver to his room, and took leave of him after bidding him good-night. The hunter, wearied more by the inactivity to which he was condemned for some hours than by his morning's ride, threw himself on the leather-covered frame which serves as a bed in all Mexican houses, shut his eyes, and speedily fell asleep.

At sunrise he woke. At the same moment the peon who seemed appointed to wait on him entered his room and announced that if he were ready all the preparations were made. Oliver asked to take leave of the master and mistress of the house; but, on being told that they could not receive anybody, he followed his guide without asking him any further questions. The latter led him through several yards, took passages different from those by which the hunter had entered the hacienda, and took him out on the opposite side to the one by which he had come in. After crossing the drawbridge the hunter turned as if to say good-bye to the guide, but the latter told him that he had orders to accompany him to the spot where the horses were, and they descended the hill by a track quite as rough as the one by which the Canadian had ascended on the previous day. On the opposite bank of the river, three horsemen, armed with long lances, one of whom held the hunter's horse by the bridle, were waiting motionless, ready to start at the first signal. In the leader of this little party the Canadian recognized with some degree of pleasure Diego Lopez, who was relatively an old acquaintance. When they had crossed the moat, Lopez came to meet them.

"Here is the man," said the peon.

"Very good," Diego Lopez answered laconically.

"You know what you have to do?"

"I do."

"In that case, good-bye."

And he then turned to the hunter, who had mounted by this time.

"A pleasant journey, Senor Forastero," he said, with a mocking accent most offensive to the Canadian.

"Shall we start, senor?" Diego asked the hunter.

"Whenever you please," said the latter, as he drew up by the side of his guide.

They started at a gallop, and remained silent for a long time.

"Are we very far from Leona Vicario?" the hunter at length asked, feeling wearied of this silence and disposed to talk with his comrade.

"No!" the latter answered.

"Well, you are no great talker, my friend," the Canadian continued.

"What is the good of talking when you have nothing to say—especially when in the company of a heretic?"

"A heretic!" the adventurer said, "hang me if that is true."

"Are you not an Englishman?"

"I? Not a bit of it."

"All strangers are Englishmen," Diego Lopez said, sententiously.

"How famously you fellows are taught. It is curious enough."

"And all Englishmen are heretics," the peon continued, calmly.

"Be kind enough to tell me," the hunter said, with a grin, "who teaches you all these pretty things?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"For two reasons. In the first place, for my personal satisfaction; and next, for my instruction.

"It is our priests."

"Ah! Very good. I thank you. Why, my friend, if it causes you any pleasure, learn first, that I am not an Englishman but a Canadian, which is not at all the same thing; next, not only that I am no heretic, but at the least quite as good a Catholic as yourself, I flatter myself."

"Is what you are saying true?" Diego Lopez asked, as he drew close to the hunter.

"Why should I tell a falsehood?"

"Well! why did you not tell that to El Senor Conde?"

"Tell him what?"

"That you are a Catholic."

"Hang it, for the very simple reason that he did not ask me."

"That is true; but no matter, it is a misfortune."

"Why so?"

"Because you would have been present at the anniversary service."

"What anniversary?"

"The one held every year at the hacienda in remembrance of the assassination of the brother of the Senor Conde, who was treacherously killed by the Red Skins."

"I am really vexed that I did not know that sooner, for I should have made a point of attending that service. Stay, in order that you may not have the slightest doubt about me," he added, as he took out of his bosom a small silver cross, hanging round his neck by a steel chain, "look at this. Is it a heretic plaything?"

"Good," the peon said, with evident satisfaction. "I see that you are a worthy man, and not a dog of an Englishman. Do you love the English?"

"I cannot bear them."

"Our priests say that they will all be condemned."

"I hope so," the Canadian said, with a laugh.

"They deserve it, for they are *gringos*."

"So we are friends?"

"Yes; and to prove it, I will give you a piece of advice, if you like."

"Out with it; it is always worth having."

"Must you absolutely see the governor directly you arrive?"

"Yes."

"That is vexatious."

"Why so?"

"Well!" Diego Lopez said, looking at him with some hesitation, "do you know the name the people give the governor?"

"No, I do not; but tell it to me; I shall be glad to learn it."

"Well! they call him the Shark."

"Ah! an ugly name, especially if deserved."

"Oh, yes, it is deserved," the peon said, with an involuntary shudder.

The hunter reflected for a moment.

"Hang it," he muttered, "what a wasps' nest I have got into!"

Then he said aloud—

"And, now, what is the advice you wish to give me?"

"You will be dumb?"

"As a fish; go on."

"Well, if you will believe me, in spite of the letter my master gave you for the governor, you will wait to present it to him till the count has rejoined you."

"Confusion! then you suspect that I am incurring some danger?"

"A terrible one."

"Hang it, hang it, that is not re-assuring."

"I will lead you to a cousin of mine who is an arriero. You will remain concealed at his house till to-morrow, and so soon as my master arrives I will warn you."

"My friend," the adventurer replied seriously, "I thank you for your advice. I see that the interest you feel in me induces you to give it me, but, unluckily, it is impossible for me to profit by it. I must present myself without delay to the governor, in spite of all the peril to which I may be exposed. But as a warned man is worth two, I shall take my precautions accordingly. But I fancy that is the town we can see."

"Yes," said the peon.

"I shall feel obliged by your leading me straight to the governor's palace."

Diego Lopez looked at him for a moment with an air of amazement, and then shook his head several times.

"As you insist on it, I will lead you there," he said. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It has long been a question what becomes of all the postage stamps to collect which so many people spend their energies. An English paper thanks Pastor Maurach of Livonia for securing a solution of the problem. It appears, according to this authority, that the Chinese have contracted the habit or passion of covering their umbrellas, and rooms, and houses, everything, in short, with old European stamps, and buy them by thousands and millions. The Rhenish Mission, which has a station in China, collects these stamps and sells them at three shillings the thousand. For the money so acquired the mission educates such children as have been either exposed or sold as slaves by their unnatural Chinese parents.

☞ The annual meteoric shower is expected this year between the 12th and 15th of November, between midnight and sunrise.

☞ "Look out there! What are you kicking my dog for?" "I'm kickin' him 'cause he's full of fleas, and I don't want to get 'em on my good clothes." "Fleas, the deuce! Why, that dog sleeps with me." "Yes, darn you, I know it; and that's where he gets them."

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Oh, you are found, are you?" cried the jager, forcing his way through the bushes. "Good morrow to you both. Allow me to congratulate you on your greatly improved skill as a marksman. The prince, I hear, was quite astounded at your success this morning."

"Have you come here to tell me this?" asked Wilhelm, rather petulantly.

"Not I, i'faith; I came here to call you to the village green, where you are wanted."

"By whom?"

"By his highness the prince. There's a dispute among the competitors how far your rifle carries, and we are all to have a trial."

"The competitors are jealous of your skill this morning, and think you have an unfair rifle," replied Caspar.

"If they had asked me yesterday how far your rifle carried, Wilhelm, I could have answered them in a moment," added Killian, maliciously.

"And how, pray?"

"By saying a *mile from the target*, ha, ha, ha! But are you coming, or must his highness stay all day for you?"

"You hear, Caspar, I am sent for. The prince may ask me to fire again. Give me one—only one, my friend. What, comrade, you refuse?" he said, speaking apart to Caspar.

"Yes, once for all, I positively refuse. Go to, friend; you are unjust," rejoined Caspar, turning round from his companion.

"Come what may, then, my last ball must be kept for the trial."

"Upon my soul, Wilhelm, if you don't treat a real live prince in the most cavalier manner I ever witnessed. Your temporary success, old fellow, has turned your brain. The prince has been waiting this half-hour for your honor's coming. How much longer will you keep his royal highness waiting."

"Go on, Killian, I follow."

"Oh, ye gods! how grand has our jager grown of late. This way, your excellency, this way."

And with mock ceremony, Killian led the way towards the village, while Wilhelm moodily followed.

"The fool! the idiot! the worse than driveling dotard!" muttered Caspar, as with his elbow resting on his rifle, he watched the departure of the young men. "To fritter away three of his bullets to amuse a foolish prince, and leave but one for a contest that might need the whole—fool! Two of mine I have recklessly expended in shooting a magpie and a wild cat; and the third I will put here," he added, after a brief pause, dropping it into his rifle, which he loaded.

"Now it is past recall. This makes the sixth. What's that?—a fox. So, Master Reynard, here's your warrant, already signed and delivered," and he laughed, as aiming at the frightened animal, he fired, as the fox rolled dead across his path.

"Now, then, the last and *seventh*, the FATAL bullet, alone remains, and that is in the hands of Wilhelm—the fatal seventh!

"'Six bullets shall his will obey,
The seventh is mine, to mar or stay."

"Good. Vengeance is mine! Zamiel, give me vengeance; 'tis all I ask—the only boon I seek—vengeance on my detested rival!"

And throwing his rifle over his shoulder, he plunged into the depths of the forest.

The hurrying of peasants in groups and singly across the woodland glades, in the direction of martial music, indicated the locality of the coming sports, and the trials of skill.

A large enclosure on the outskirts of the forest, and close to the hamlet or village of Ranbenzwold, was the place fixed upon for the day's ceremony.

At one end of the allotted space was erected the marquee of the prince, with his banner waving from the top. Barriers of red ropes, attached to tall stakes, were fixed in the ground, on both sides and behind which the peasants were stationed to see the competition.

Halfway up one side, in an opening of the barriers, was erected a dais, covered with red cloth, on which were placed two chairs, one of state, with a coronet at the back for the prince, another less pretentious on the step below for the lovely prize of the competitors, the beautiful Bertha.

At the top, or farther extremity of the enclosure, was fixed the target, while a few feet distant grew a tall, full-leaved oak.

Wilhelm, and six companion jagers, all competitors, stood in a row, leaning on their rifles by the side of the dais, crowds of villagers and peasants, men and women, all in gala costume, filled all the space behind the ropes.

Caspar stood alone under the boughs of the oak tree, where, without being easily seen himself, he could observe and hear all that passed.

Such was the disposition of the assembled natives and visitors at noon of that important day, all under the highest degree of enthusiasm and interest in the result, when all were suddenly startled and delighted by the sound of a flourish of trumpets.

The next moment three trumpeters, in scarlet and gold tunics and plumed caps, issued from the pavilion, sounding, as they proceeded, a royal flourish.

Six jagers, in their full costume of green and black, each with his bugle horn and chain, and with two eagle feathers in his cap, and their rifles slung under the left arm, followed next.

A number of gentlemen, friends of his highness, bareheaded, succeeded the jagers.

Prince Ottocar, leading Bertha in her bridal dress, and attended by Linda and a troop of lovely bridesmaids, floated by like clouds of fleecy white.

Kuno, the grand warden, in full uniform, with silver bugle and his wand of office, followed next, and then some of the prince's servants in state liveries, brought up the rear, while another double file of jagers completed the procession.

As the imposing cavalcade moved up the centre of the glade, the crowd on either side took off their hats, and waving them over their heads, shouted vociferous welcome to the prince and the lovely bride.

Wilhelm, with his tall eagle feather nodding proudly over his head, stood first in the line of competitors, as they drew up to salute the prince.

Ottocar having conducted Bertha to her seat and taken his own chair, the jagers formed themselves into a guard of honor round the dais, with the trumpeters behind, and the bridesmaids, headed by Linda, standing next to Bertha, and Kuno and the servants by the side of the prince.

"Thanks, thanks, my worthy friends," cried Ottocar, rising, and, when the shouting had subsided, addressing the people. "Many thanks for this cordial reception. As for you, my old and trusty friend Kuno, I must needs congratulate you on your truly lovely daughter, the blushing bride, and also on the selection you have made of a son-in-law. I congratulate you on both events."

The prince then resumed his seat, making a sign as he did so for the lover to approach.

"As for you, Wilhelm," Ottocar resumed, "I hope the approaching trial will show that you are worthy of such a bride."

"I have no fear, your highness, of that," replied Wilhelm, confidently.

"I am glad to find you have so much self-confidence, for, to speak the truth, I fear you lack one great quality of a good jager," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"In what, your highness?" asked Wilhelm, with nervous anxiety.

"Self-possession, Wilhelm. This morning, when I was at a distance, your practice was wonderful; every shot went true to the aim, but when I sent for you from the wood, and stood at your side, every shot was a failure. Hush!"

"This time your highness may rely on me with confidence; I will not miss here," Wilhelm replied, as the blood mantled with shame to his cheeks, and bowing low to the prince, he returned to his comrades, muttering to himself—

"It was because I would not use my last charmed bullet, and I dare not tell the reason."

"Why, Bertha dear, where is your bridal wreath?" exclaimed her father.

"Is it not on my head? No, I must have left it behind in my confusion," she replied, greatly agitated by what she regarded as an evil omen.

"But I have a chaplet of white roses here in the village, which a holy hermit whom I prayed with this morning gave me, and begged of me to wear."

"Then fetch it by all means; our bride must be fully dressed," observed the prince.

"Come, Linda, we shall not be gone more than a few minutes."

And, curtseying to his highness, Bertha rose, and, followed by Linda and one of the bridesmaids, hurried to the top of the glade, and turned into the village, passing by the oak tree, beneath which Caspar was secreted.

As the bride left the dais, Killian, doffing his hat, approached the seat of honor, and bowing respectfully, said—"Will your highness grant me a favor?"

"If the request be not preposterous, I will. Speak," replied Ottocar.

"I will promise that. I say it to my shame, prince, I am a little given to a love of the wine-flask, and as I might, but for the respect I bear the lady, have been a competitor in to-day's shooting."

"I do not understand you."

"No, I am but a dull, stupid fool, and don't know how to speak; but it's this, prince. For fear that beautiful Miss Bertha might fall to my lot, I struck my name out of the list of candidates."

"If I understand you rightly this is a very honorable action on your part. Now what is it you want me to grant?"

"That your highness will allow me one shot for the honor of the village; not, remember, to count for anything, but merely to show your highness that those seven, excellent shots as they are, don't comprise every man who can handle a rifle."

"Your request is granted, and to show my appreciation of your conduct, you shall fire the first shot."

"Don't be jealous, comrades; this shot won't count, it's only for the credit of the village—it isn't to count."

"Enough! sound there; and take your place."

As the prince spoke, the trumpets blew a loud flourish; when Killian, bowing to Ottocar, took up his position at the mark, raised his rifle and fired.

"The bull's-eye—the bull's eye! Hurrah! for the honor of the village!—through the heart of the bull's-eye!" shouted the crowd, even before the markers had declared the fact.

"Come hither, Killian—for such I hear is your name," cried the prince, as the jager was about to retire.

"You are a capital shot, and a very good fellow; and as a mark of my esteem, accept this purse," and he placed a heavy purse of gold in the hands of the surprised and gratified Killian.

"Now, Wilhelm, as you are the first to fire of the seven, and Killian has destroyed the chief mark, you shall have a fresh aim. See, a small, white dove has lighted on the branch of yonder oak; make that your mark, and fire."

Wilhelm, who had pointed at the target, instantly moved the piece to the new aim, and fired, while the trumpets brayed out a ringing flourish.

At the moment Wilhelm fired, Bertha turned into the glade from the village, and with a piercing shriek, fell senseless in the arms of Linda and her bridesmaid; while, with a yell of rage and agony, Caspar, covered with blood, staggered from under the tree, and with tottering steps, fell with a heavy crash forward on the earth.

In an instant all was terror and confusion.

The prince sprang to his feet; Wilhelm dropped his rifle, and rushing to the side of his bride, caught her from Linda, and bore her to the front of the dais.

"What means this fearful scene?" cried Ottocar, greatly agitated. "The bride struck down, as by a mortal wound, her maidens weeping and wringing their hands, and yon dark hunter stretched lifeless on the ground."

"Look up, my Bertha; in pity open those heavenly eyes. Oh! in mercy speak to me. Give but one sign of life or consciousness, and save me from the agony of thinking I have murdered you!" exclaimed Wilhelm, as resigning her to her maidens, he knelt by her side, and in most impassioned accents called on her name, and implored her to speak or to look on him.

"Merciful Heaven! what terrible mystery is this? Or hast thou, like a horrid bungler, in aiming at the dove, murdered your own bride?" cried Kuno, in an agony of grief and despair, as he hung over his unconscious child.

"No, no, she is not dead; all saints be praised!" cried Linda, rejoicingly. "See, she breathes, and once again opens her eyes. Oh, my lady!"

With a heavy sigh, the bride slowly opened her eyes.

"It is past; the hideous dream, and those gloomy forebodings that have so weighed me down, are past," murmured Bertha, with heartfelt thankfulness. "All have vanished in a moment, and my heart once more feels light and happy. Oh, my dear Wilhelm!"

And with a beaming smile, she extended her hand to her kneeling lover.

"Look, look, your highness; I see it all now," exclaimed Linda, as she and the bridesmaids led Bertha to her former seat, pointing as she did so to the coronal on her lady's head. "See, this blessed chaplet of white roses, which the holy hermit gave my mistress at matins, has turned away the ball, which, only stunning her, has glanced aside, and struck the gloomy and remorseless Caspar."

"It must be so; has any one seen whether yon hunter lives or dies?"

"None will grumble at fate, your highness, should the devil at last have got his own, and Caspar should at the same time have got both bullet and billet," replied Killian, stepping forward.

"Wherefore?"

"Well, it has been surmised, your highness, that Caspar yonder is little less than a Frieschutz."

"Horrible, but impossible."

"It may be horrible—but I am not clear as to the impossibility."

"Nevertheless, see whether the man lives or not."

"Stand back!" gasped Caspar, as Killian and his companion stooped to raise him; and he rose with difficulty to his feet.

"I want no aid. A thousand curses! she lives, and I am baulked of my revenge!" he cried, as he glanced at the happy Bertha grasping the hand, and smiling on his rival.

"What means this mortal faintness? What—is it night, or do my eyes wax dim?" as the light of the sun was suddenly eclipsed and muttering thunder ran round the heavens.

"Why, why, at that thunder does this awful dread possess me? Why? Ha! back, fiend, is it thou?" he ejaculated, as, turning round, the form of Zamiel, evident only to his own eyes, appeared beneath the tree.

"Back! avaunt! away! Over *me* you have no power! Yonder is your victim, away!" and he staggered a step forward, striking the air with his clenched hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and the horrid laugh of the demon chilled the heart's blood of every hearer. "Fool! hast thou forgot the compact?" he demanded fiercely—

"'Six bullets shall his will obey,
The seventh is mine, to mar or stay."

"Juggling fiend, but you have stayed it!" gasped Caspar, pressing his hand on his side.

"True, I have, but in thy breast—"

"'Tis false!" he cried in choking accents, and flinging his arms wide apart. "Away, fiend! avaunt; thee and thy powers I both defy. Begone! Oh, horror, horror! Demon, I—I—die—"

And throwing up his arms, while Zamiel's infernal laugh rang through the forest, a torrent of blood gushed through his lips, and Caspar fell dead on his face at the feet of the dread fiend.

"The jagers," began Killian, coming forward, after a pause, "have resolved to forego the contest, and yield the prize at once to Wilhelm, who, having been three times King of the Marksmen, is every way deserving of the lovely Bertha."

"They have nobly resolved, and we thank them," replied the prince, as the six discharged their rifles in the air, and shouted with one voice.

"Success, happiness, and long life to Wilhelm and Bertha, the pride of the jagers of Bohemia!"

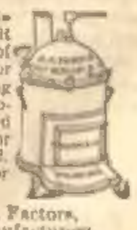
The sun instantly burst out in all its former glory, as the bride sank in the arms of her lover, and the prince, breaking up the sports, led the procession to the nuptial altar, where Wilhelm was made happy with the hand of his beloved Bertha.

The story of Caspar, the Frieschutz, became from that hour a tradition of fear and horror, that has lived and will live as long as the Hartz Mountains or the Black Forest exist to inspire awe or excite the wonder of mankind. [THE END.]

☞ "There is one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea-captain; "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

THE SILVER CHORD, a collection of favorite Songs, Ballads, Duets and Quartets, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. "The Home Circle," known by all as a most admirable compilation of pieces for the pianoforte, finds a fit companion in this superior collection of songs with piano accompaniment,—songs that have become as household words in nearly every community—with many new candidates for public favor, not so well known but which when known will be appreciated, are all here. Every one having a piano and a voice will not fail to look at this book. One look will convince them that it is just what they want, and having purchased it and given it a more thorough examination, they will be fully satisfied that "no piano is complete without it." Price in cloth, $3, in boards, $2.50, full gilt, $4. Mailed, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL STEAMER AND CALDRON, having had a test of nine years, has proved itself superior to any other arrangement for cooking food in large quantities for man or domestic animals, and is well adapted for mechanical purposes, where heat or a low pressure of steam is required. Those interested will please send for testimonials, prices, &c., to
JAMES C. HAND & CO., Factors,
Or to SAVERY & CO., Manufacturers,
sep12-3m Philadelphia.



AGENTS WANTED FOR
"THE BLUE-COATS,
And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion." It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the quickest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for circulars and see our terms, and full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct17-4t

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 104 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

$2000 A YEAR, AND EXPENSES to agents to introduce the *WILSON SEWING MACHINE, stitch alike on both sides.* Samples on two weeks' trial. Extra inducements to experienced agents. Address A. B. McGUFFIN & CO., General Agents, 515 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa. oct24-4t

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 10 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 10 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., New York City. Inclose 3 cent stamp. oct3-6m

Remarkable Earthquakes.

Earthquakes are sudden and violent concussions of the earth, generally attended with uncommon noise, both above and under ground. Considered in regard to the motion which is imparted by them to the surface of the surrounding country, they might be divided into three classes—the Vertical, the Horizontal, and the Rotary. These classes are not, however, sufficiently distinct to be treated of separately, and it is the purpose of the following article to give a general description of these phenomena, which are the most fearful of all calamities to which man is exposed.

Almost every part of the earth's surface is liable to be shaken by movements which take place in the interior, and are transmitted somewhat like a wave to distant regions. As a general law, the convulsions originate in volcanic districts; and the constancy with which volcanoes and earthquakes attend each other, is the best proof that can be given of their common origin.

Some countries—Central America, Chili, and Peru, for example—are so subject to these disturbances that the dwelling-houses are built low, having broad and substantial walls, with particular reference to these shocks. The most terrible earthquakes on record have taken place in Calabria and the neighboring island of Sicily. From February, 1783, to the end of the year 1786, that country was visited by a constant succession of shocks, no fewer than nine hundred and forty-nine being experienced during the first of these years, of which five hundred and one were shocks of the first degree of force.

The approach of earthquakes is heralded by several symptoms of an unmistakable character. The air appears to be affected in some manner, and brute animals show their appreciation of this change by uttering loud cries and running wildly about. Human beings are sometimes affected with dizziness and a sensation similar to sea-sickness. A brother officer, who had never been sea-sick, was reduced to a most pitiable state of "*earthquake sickness*" on experiencing a series of shocks in California some years ago.

Just before the shock the air is perfectly calm, while the surface of the ocean or lakes is much troubled; a sound like distant thunder then breaks upon the stillness; or it may come at once like an awful explosion, as when, during a thunder storm, the flash and peal occur at the same instant; now the earth is violently shaken, the ground is thrown upwards or forwards as by the passage of an immense wave beneath it, and the work of destruction begins. The movements are sometimes so violent that large chasms are formed, through which torrents of water are frequently ejected, while occasionally smoke and flames appear—houses, trees, and animals are engulfed in these chasms, and by the subsidence of the surface, mountains and whole cities are swallowed up. Occurring, as they most frequently do, along the sea coast, it has been observed that the water generally retires to some distance, leaving the harbors dry, and then returns in a great wave, sweeping everything before it.

The recent earthquakes on the western coast of South America furnish additional proofs of the tremendous force and destructiveness of these waves.

The effects of some of the modern earthquakes have been of the most disastrous nature, and a few of the leading facts connected with them may very properly terminate this article.

The earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, was one of the most destructive which ever occurred in Europe. It continued only six minutes, but in that short space of time upwards of sixty thousand persons perished. The phenomena accompanying it were no less striking: The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in as a large wave, rising upwards of fifty feet above its ordinary level, causing great destruction. But the most remarkable circumstance which occurred was the subsidence of the new quay, called the Bays do Prado, to which thousands of the inhabitants had fled in order to escape from the falling buildings; not one of the bodies of these unfortunate persons ever came to the surface, and the spot is now covered by one hundred fathoms of water. Some idea of the magnitude of this earthquake may be formed from the fact that it was felt all over Continental Europe, and even in the West Indies and on Lake Ontario. Ships at sea were affected by the shocks as if they had struck on a rock; and at some of the Scottish lakes the water rose two or three feet above the ordinary level, and then subsided.

In 1811, violent shocks shook the valley of the Mississippi, causing old lakes to disappear, and new ones to be formed.

On February 20, 1835, the grand earthquake of Chili occurred. When, three or four hours before the shock, flocks of seabirds were observed flying to the interior, although it was a cloudless morning, the weather-wise viewed it as ominous of a storm. At 11.40 A. M. the tremor began, with no noise, its violence increasing during the first half minute; meanwhile the rumble was heard, and at the end of that time the convulsive motion was so strong that the whole population fled to open places for safety. A minute after people could hardly stand, and in thirty seconds more an overpowering shock caused universal destruction. The undulations came from the south-west. When most excessive, besides the waving, or undulatory, there were also felt vertical, horizontal and circular motions.

By this disaster the city of Conception was, for the fourth time, reduced to ruins. Talcahuano was also in ruins; and from the summit of the island of Quiriquina a mass of rock, estimated at more than 25,000 tons, was hurled to the waters at its feet.

This earthquake was accompanied by the usual tidal waves, which came in about half an hour after the great shock. The sea retired about a mile, leaving in mud vessels which had been anchored in from four to five fathoms of water; a few minutes afterwards the first great wave approached in an unbroken wall of water thirty feet high. It broke over everything; dashed ships about like boats; bore one vessel from the stocks, and left it high and dry over two hundred yards from the shore line; and finally rushed back with such force that everything movable was carried out to sea. A second and third wave followed, at intervals of twenty minutes, each equally destructive in its effects.

The public have already been made familiar with the incidents attending the recent earthquakes in South America, which were very similar to the one last described.

In conclusion, we will allude to a shock which was felt in Worcester, Mass. Our informant remembers that it occurred between 1815 and 1820, being of sufficient violence to cause doors to fly open, and great destruction among glass and china ware.—*Evening Transcript.*

THE

OLD OAKS CEMETERY CO.

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

RICHARD VAUX, President.
PETER A. KEYSER, Vice President.
MARTIN LANDENBERGER Treasurer.
H. H. WAINWRIGHT, Secretary.

MANAGERS:

EVAN RANDOLPH, RICH. J. DOBBINS,
BENJ. BULLOCK, PETER A. KEYSER,
M. LANDENBERGER, CHAS. H. MUIRHEID,
RICH. C. RIDGWAY, JOS. P. TOBIAS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20, 1868.

THE "OLD OAKS" CEMETERY

Is situated on the Township Line road, at the intersection of Nicetown lane, and embraces SIXTY-NINE acres of romantically beautiful land. It is the estate known for many years as "Old Oaks," late the country seat of John Tucker, Esq.

The name is taken from the great number and unusual thrift and beauty of the majestic "old oak" trees now growing on the property, and which lend to it a charm and appearance of permanency peculiarly in harmony with the purpose to which the ground is dedicated.

No better selection of a location for a cemetery could have been made. All the advantages possessed by each of the other cemeteries are combined in this. It is central in situation, and easily accessible, by good roads, from all directions; it is perfectly convenient to, and is but a short distance from Germantown, Manayunk, Nicetown, Frankford, and Bridesburg, and can be reached from all parts of the city of Philadelphia by means of Broad street, which is now the most attractive and commanding in appearance of any avenue, not only in this city, but in the whole country, and which is free from those interruptions and delays which render private travel on most of our highways not only disagreeable, but often dangerous.

It extends for long distances on both Nicetown lane and the Township Line road, and will have three main and ornamental gateways, so as to afford facilities for ingress and egress from all directions, and the drives through the place, and all the approaches to it, are so arranged that its embellishments and superior advantages cannot fail to be at once seen and appreciated by the visitor.

It is the intention of the proprietors to make "Old Oaks" the most beautiful cemetery in America, and the artificial decorations, the lakes, drives, walks, and horticultural ornamentation will give it an appearance unsurpassed by any other ever brought to public notice, and will tend to allay the feeling of gloom often caused by the sombre and funereal aspect so prevalent in cemeteries generally.

The buildings on the property are well known as the most costly and handsome ever erected by private capital. The mansion will be used in part as a chapel, and the surroundings beautified in keeping with the character of the place; in a word, the proprietors wish to do away with the feeling of repulsiveness so often associated with graveyards and charnel-houses, and hold out every inducement to the friends and relatives of the departed to visit the grounds which contain relics so precious to them.

The "Old Oaks" will be made an object of interest to strangers, as well as residents of Philadelphia; and, while the solemnity of the scene will not be violated, yet the impression will be conveyed that death is a mere separation, and that those who have fought "life's battle" are only resting from their labors, and are always kept alive in the memory of their survivors.

The grounds will be open to visitors at all hours during the day.

The office of the Company is at No. 413 CHESTNUT Street, Room No. 1, where maps and plans of the Cemetery can be seen, applications made for lots, and desired information given. nov7-2t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

R. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
Philadelphia.

mar14-tf

VERMONT SPRING.

This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Missisquoi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,
417 Broome St., New York,
and by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
sep5-13t 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

je6-6m

$250 PER MONTH GUARANTEED. SOLE PAY. Salaries paid weekly. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or address the Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa. nov14-4t

$1000 PER YEAR *guaranteed and steady employment.* We want a reliable agent in every county to sell our *Patent White Wire Clothes Lines (Everlasting).* Address WHITE WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. nov7-4t

WORK FOR THE WINTER.—All that want employment for the winter, at $20 per week and expenses paid, selling new inventions, send 20 cents for sample that retails for $1, or stamp for circulars to the Union Manuf'g. Co., Marshall, Mich. oct31-3t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₰ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 80c., 90c., 100c., best $1 ₰ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₰ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), best $1 50 ₰ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. ₰ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₰ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus imitators.*

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oc31-tf

GENUINE

WALTHAM WATCHES

AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases	80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

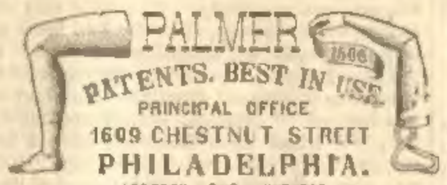
We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Address in full, HOWARD & CO.,
sep5-tf No. 619 Broadway, New York.



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LINE C'S

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct24-4t

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, now open. For circulars address C. E. HILTON, A. M., GWYNEDD, Montgomery Co., Pa., or apply personally at the College. oct2-2t

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES TO AGENTS to introduce the *Wilson Sewing Machine. Stitch alike on both sides. Samples on 2 weeks trial.* Extra inducements to experienced agents. For further particulars, address the WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. aug29-13t

SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are also manufacturing Ladies' and Gents watches of extra fine and superior finish. Price $20. These are fully equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing two hundred dollars. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)

☞ *TO CLUBS.*—Where *SIX WATCHES* are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch making *SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.*

☞ CAUTION.—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us. oct2-2m

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je13-1y

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

OFFERS GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 20 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $100,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID-UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
320 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

TO AMERICAN TRAPPERS.

Being practically acquainted with the system of catching the Fur-bearing animals, I have published receipts setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Martin and Mink. Also, receipts for making the best scents known to draw the above animals to the traps. Any person in the United States sending me $1.25, American currency, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my receipts, which I have been selling for the past four years, and so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Address P. PENNOCK, Elgin P. O., Leeds Co., Ontario, Canada. oct17-6t

CORNS BUNIONS, NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 298 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allexantor* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express Dr J. BRIGGS & Co. 203 Broadway N. Y. je6-1y

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT!—An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamped envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. oct3-3m

WHY WILL YOU BE

ROBBED

by unprincipled dealers, when by sending direct to EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., you can save two or three profits on Dry

AND

Fancy Goods of almost every kind. We now offer as commission to any one sending in a club of sixty in our Great One Price sale, 40 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and commission on larger and smaller clubs in the same proportion when paid in other goods. Don't be

CHEATED

by small dealers into believing that they can sell as cheap as we can, for it is simply impossible. Our popular club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains (10 cts. for each) and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Don't fail to send money in Registered Letters. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Send for Circular and Exchange List.

N. B. Our sale should *not* be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-3m

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S

Great One Dollar Sale.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONCERN OF THE KIND IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over half a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE House in America. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE!

For a Club of Thirty, and $3, we send one of the following articles, FREE OF CHARGE:—24 yards of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 Double Lens French Stereoscope, with 24 rich foreign views; 1 Ladies' real Morocco Travelling Bag; 20 pairs Ladies' fine Merino Stockings; 1 genuine Meerschaum Pipe, amber mouthpiece, in splendid case; 1 Violin and Bow in box complete; All-Wool Cassimere for pants; 1 pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots; 1 dozen fine Linen Towels; 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork with ivory balanced handle, very best quality; Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring; Elegant Delaine Dress Pattern; 1 dozen heavy silver plated white metal Dessert Forks; 1 dozen Rogers Bros. best heavy plated white metal Tea Spoons; 6 Engraved S. P. Napkin Rings; 1 rich 20-keyed metal bound Concertina, retails for $10.

For a Club of Fifty, and $5, one of the following articles:—1 Web of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern; 1 pair All-Wool Blankets; Engraved silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor; 1 set ivory balanced Knives, with silver plated white metal Forks; 1 pair Gents' Calf Boots; 25 yds good Print; 4 yds double width Water-Proof for Cloaking; 1 Square Wool Shawl; 3¼ yds very fine Cassimere for pants and vest; Beautiful Poplin Dress Pattern; 100-Picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album.

For a Club of One Hundred, and $10, presents varying in value from $15 to $25. *Club of Five Hundred, and* $50, presents from $60 to $100. Larger clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
Successors to A. S. Hardy & Co.,
oct31-4t 7 and 9 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-24t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Returning a Salute.

A most amusing story is told of Judge B., now occupying a high post in the Pennsylvania state government. Travelling, some years since, by rail to Harrisburg, on a blazing hot day, with some friends, the iron horse had stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchief from his pocket, and began waving it vigorously in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very energetic manner.

"What are you about, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., without rising from his seat.

"Why, don't you see yonder? There's a lady waving a white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute."

"Who is she, judge?" asked Mr. Q., as he lounged in one corner.

"Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know; I'm quite near-sighted, and I can't recognize her; but she is dressed in gray silk, and stands yonder, under a big maple tree, near my friend John B.'s house."

Mr. Q. hobbled over to the judge's side and gazed in the direction indicated, but saw only that the judge had been exchanging salutes for ten minutes with an iron-gray mare, whose long white tail, as it flapped away the flies, had been taken by him for a white handkerchief, waved by a lady in a gray silk dress.

The buttons that were subsequently picked up in that car are said to have been exceedingly numerous. The judge didn't swear, but he changed the subject to sawmills, the only intelligible portion of which being the frequent repetition of the word "dam."

The Point of View.

How exclusively and religiously the small English tradesman sees the events of the world only as they can have any influence favorable or detrimental to himself, is fully illustrated in the story of a scientific celebrity. During his sojourn at Norwich for the British Association, the thought struck him to take a round of the city incognito, after the manner of Haroun el Raschid, and endeavor to discover for himself how the proceedings of the Association were regarded by the inhabitants at large. Thinking a barber's shop was a likely place to discover the state of popular opinion, he entered one and desired to be shaved. As the operation proceeded he led the barber on to the topic uppermost in his mind, and presently asked point blank what the good people of Norwich thought of the Association, and whether they were not delighted at having among them so many clever fellows, especially as the honor brought with it so much profit. "Well, for my part," replied the barber, "I don't think nothing of it, least ways it ain't profited me much. Two-thirds of these clever fellows don't shave, and the other third shaves themselves." The doctor paid his threepence, and returned home if not wiser, in a decidedly more subdued frame of mind.

Josh Billings on Grasshoppers.

The Bible sez, "The grasshopper is a burden, and I never knu the Bible tew say any thing thut wasn't so. When the grasshopper begins to live they are very small, but in a little while there gets to be plenty of them. They only live one year at once, and then go back and begin again. Their best gait is a hop, and with the wind on their quarters they can make some good time. They are a sure krop to raise, but some years they raise more than others. I've seen some fields so full of them that you could not stick another grasshopper in, unless you sharpened him tew a pint. When they get so plenty they are apt to start, and then they becum a travellin' famine, and leave the road they take as barren as the inside of a country church during a week day. Grasshoppers don't seem to be actually necessary for our happiness, but that may be—we don't even know what we want most. I don't want grasshoppers entirely out, not if they are a blessing, but I have thought (to myself) if they would let grass and cornstalks be and pitch into the burdocks and Canady thistles, just to encourage the fight, I wouldn't care a cuss if they both got finally licked. But my best judgment would be to bet on the grasshoppers."

Fear of Life Insurance.

The following dialogue between an insurance agent and a well-to-do Irishman is related:—

"Pat, you are making plenty of money; why don't you insure your life?"

"And what is that?"

"Why don't you take out a policy of insurance on your life?"

"Because I don't see the policy of it. Shure, I must die, policy or no policy."

"You don't understand. If you insure your life now, when you die the company will pay your wife enough to keep her and your children from want and suffering."

"And that would be insuring my life! Shure I am after thinking it would be insuring Bridget's and the childer's. And how much would they give her?"

"That would depend upon the premium. Say a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars! Holy mother! Whist, man! Don't mintion it. Ye don't know Bridget O'Reilly. Wuns't she heard of it, not a wink of shlape should I get till I done it, and thin bad luck to Pat! She'd murder me with kindness; and dhrink herself to death with the money."

Make Room.

Mark Twain tells the following story of one of the small republics of South America:

There was war in one of these little republics—the one I have been describing. The General-in-Chief asked the President for three hundred men; the President ordered the Minister of War to furnish them; the forces—just the number wanted—were down on the seacoast somewhere. The Minister of War requested the Minister of the Navy to place the navy of the republic at the disposal of the troops, so that they might have transportation to the seat of war. The Minister of the Navy (an official who had seen as little of ships and oceans as even Mr. Secretary Welles) sent a courier to where the schooner was, with the necessary order for the Lord High Admiral. The Lord High Admiral wrote back:—

"Your Excellency: It is impossible. You must be aware that this is a 60-ton schooner. There is not room for three hundred men in her."

The stern old salt in the navy office wrote back:

"Impossible——nonsense. *Make* room. Heave the tons overboard and bring the soldiers."

GREAT ASSURANCE.

SISTER.—"I say, Bob, that looks like a tailor's bill!"

BOB.—"Yes—just fancy! I have let that fellow dress me as he likes for the last three years, and now he has the impudence to send me his bill!"

THE PAINTED WALL.

At the end of every road there stands a wall,
Not built by hands—impenetrable—bare.
Behind it lies an unknown land. And all
The paths men plod, tend to it, and end there.

Each man, according to his humor, paints
On that bare wall strange landscapes: dark or bright,
Peopled with forms of fiends, or forms of saints:
Hells of Despair, or Edens of Delight.

Then, to his fellows "Tremble!" or "Rejoice!"
The limner cries, "for lo, the Land beyond!"
And ever, acquiescent to his voice
Faint echoes from that painted wall respond.

But, now and then, with sacrilegious hand,
Some one wipes off those painted landscapes all,
Muttering, "Oh, fools, and slow to understand,
Behold your bourne—the impenetrable wall!"

Whereat, an eager, anger'd crowd exclaims,
"Better than yon dead wall—tho' pale and faint—
Our faded Edens! Better fiends and flames,
By Fancy painted in her coarsest paint

"On the blind, bald, unquestionable face
Of that obstruction, than its cold, unclad,
And callous emptiness, without a trace
Of any prospect either good or bad."

And straightway, the old work begins again
Of picture painting. And men shout, and call
For response to their pleasure or their pain,
Getting back echoes from that painted wall.

Living Tapestry.

The following adventure happened in Bath in the year 179–, and the lady who narrated it to the writer was (in those days) a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R——, once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by,) those things were, her fascination, her benevolence, and—a set of the most perfect and matchless amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the whole space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the high old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night at his mistress at her toilette.

One evening Mrs. R—— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off all her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissing the weary maid, intended to put them away herself, but, before doing so, knelt down, as usual, to her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze, and still the eyes looked down on hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands.

We can well imagine what those prayers must have been! She knew there was some one behind that tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless, and she lay down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside, or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside, but by that time she had seen enough, and again closing her eyes resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had just been craving. The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar.

At seven in the morning she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage round immediately after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest, and most probably, all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate. "Seize my coachman," said she; "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me." She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him and he gave himself up without a struggle.

☞ An old doctor of divinity in Canada said that, calling one day at a friend's house, a little girl was sent in to amuse him until her mamma was ready. The child told him, among other things, that she had been writing a parody on Kingsley's song of the "Three Fishers," but, when drying it at the open fire, it dropped from her hand and was was burned. "Burned," exclaimed the doctor; "if I had been the fire I should have stopped till you had got it out again." "Oh, no, doctor," said the child gravely, "you could not have done that. Nature is nature, you know, and her laws are inviolable." It nearly knocked the doctor off his chair.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fruit Garden.

One of our first articles in the Gardener's Monthly, was one to warn our people against prevailing systems of fruit culture, which cut away the surface roots. Our advice was from life-long experience. But we excepted the dwarf Pear. We had had no experience with it at that time, except on the popular plans. Some of our friends have since gone farther than we did. They maintain that not even the dwarf Pear is to be excepted. We have weighed the subject well, and are converted. We acknowledge our error. We now know that it is just as essential that the dwarf Pear should have its roots on the surface as any other tree. We are convinced that much of dwarf Pear failures comes from the long stems buried under ground, and the kind of digging culture which cuts away the surface roots. In many cases of diseased Pears, we have recently seen dug up in various parts of the United States, the lowest roots, ten or twelve inches from the surface are rotten. The decay of course spreads upwards. That intelligent Western cultivator, Robert Douglas, of Waukegan, Ills., assures us that Quinces cannot be grown successfully in those parts any more except in grass; not probably that there is any merit in grass, but because by this system the roots keep near the surface. In planting dwarf Pears, if the plants have long quince stocks, cut them back to *six inches* from the bud, and plant as nearly *on the surface as possible*. There is nothing more satisfactory than a dwarf Pear orchard managed properly, and at the same time nothing more annoying than the dwarf Pear as grown by those who do not or will now grow them as they should be. Most people treat the dwarf Pear just as they would a crop of corn, but the proper course is about as opposite as can well be imagined. Dwarf Pears should be set closer than they are usually, say ten feet apart. They can then occupy the ground exclusively without any "begrudgement."

Pears, apples, and cherries generally do well fall planted. Stove fruits north of the Potomac are best in spring.

Pruning is generally thought very necessary, and to be a great art, which it is—but the greatness of the art consists in knowing how little to cut away. Usually all that is necessary is to cut with a view to the future shape of the tree.

Where the grape and raspberry do not ripen their wood thoroughly, they are liable to winter kill. In these cases they must be laid down, and protected with earth. Previously the immature wood should be cut away. Plum or cherry trees which have been so neglected as to be covered with knots, may be renovated. Cut away at this season all the parts affected, then in May next, watch for the first appearance of the swellings and rub them out with finger and thumb as they appear. It is astonishing how easy this wickedness of the plum and cherry can be made to cease from troubling, and how with fruit one shall be blest.

Apples, quinces and plums should be examined before frost sets in, and if any borers have effected a lodgment—a jackknife and a strong piece of wire are all the implements necessary; a man will go over several hundred trees a day. It is a cheap way of preserving trees. If many of the remedies proposed by correspondents in our paper have been tried and found effectual, such as tobacco stems, &c., there will be few borers to deal with in the examination.

In cultivating raspberries on a large scale, they do best in hills, as the cultivator keeps them from crowding each other so much. For garden culture they are better in rows, the suckers to be kept hoed out occasionally as they grow; enough only being left that will be required for fruiting next year. Where canes are required for new plantations, of course a portion of the crop must be sacrificed to the suckers.

Strawberries are much better when protected through the winter, no matter how "hardy" they may be. Very coarse straw manure is the best material, which can be raked off in early spring. A few inches is sufficient, just enough to keep the sun off when frozen, which all our readers know by this time is the chief cause of the loss by frost.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

How Much.

How much better is your farm than it was one year ago? How much better are your implements? How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs? How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard trees and the small fruits? How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, of cattle? How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown? How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations? How much have you done to aid your wife and daughters in their household duties by furnishing them with improved household utensils and the better location and arrangement of wells, cisterns, walks, wood-piles, cellars and dairy rooms? How much of kindness and charity have you exercised toward the needy and the helpless? How much better husband, father, brother, man are you than you were one year ago? Now is the time to reflect upon all these things.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Items.

—TO CONQUER BEES.—The statement we have often seen made, that bees can be immediately scattered by sprinkling them with cold water, receives confirmation in the fact communicated to us by a reader at Weeks' Mills, who states that a horse belonging to Mr. Nason, of that place, was badly stung September 8th, and doubtless been killed had not cold water been poured upon the bees. Our correspondent adds: "It is a good weapon to fight them with."

—A process has recently been patented in England by which the bran of flour, after being separated, is ground into an impalpable powder, and then again mixed with the flour. In this way all the nutritious ingredients are preserved, while the fineness of the flour is not affected.

—Advices from Egypt represent the cotton crop of the present year as enormous. England is the principal market for Egyptian cotton.

—Flour was recently passed on board a steamer at St. Louis from an elevator at the rate of 100 barrels in four minutes.

—A young ladies' Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., has arranged to have the elements of gardening taught as one of the branches of female education.

—The Essex Banner asserts that small quantities of sunflower seed mixed with the food of a horse will impart a fine gloss to his hair, while it is also a certain cure for founder, if given immediately after the ailment is discovered. In the latter case, about a pint of seed should be mingled with the oats or chopped feed, when a cure will be effected.

—Orson Cone, of Wells, Vermont, who has been blind for a number of years, recently husked sixty-three and one-half bushels of corn in one day. He also threshed one hundred and twenty bushels of oats in three days.

RECEIPTS.

BAKED FRESH PORK.—Take a leg of fresh pork, skin it, put it in a vessel. Take salt, pepper, two tablespoons of vinegar, four tablespoons of sweet oil, four bay leaves, four sage leaves, and a gill of white wine, and with this mixture baste the leg several times a day, for three days or so, and then bake it, well done.

FISH-CAKE.—Put the bones of the fish, with the head and fins, into a stew-pan, with about a pint of water; add pepper and salt to taste; one good-sized onion, a handful of sweet herbs if you like, and stew all slowly for about two hours. Then mince fine the clear meat of the fish, mixing it well with bread-crumbs and cold, mashed potatoes, and a small quantity of fine-chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper to taste, and make the whole into a cake, with an egg well beaten up. Brush it over lightly with white of egg, and strew with bread-crumbs, and fry of a rich amber brown. Strain the gravy made from the bones, etc., and pour it over; stir gently for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot, with garnish of parsley and lemon slices.

FISH-CAKE AGAIN.—Carefully remove the bones and skin from any fish that is left from dinner, and put it into warm water for a short time. After taking it out press it dry, and beat it in a mortar to a fine paste with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; season to taste. Then make up the mass into round, flat cakes, and fry them in butter or lard till they are of a fine golden-brown color. Be sure they do not burn. Cod-fish is excellent recooked after this fashion.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 4, 2, 8, is a Spanish title of nobility.
My 7, 6, 1, is a kind of tree.
My 6, 2, 5, 3, 4, is an arm of the sea.
My 1, 2, 8, 2, 6, is more valuable than gold.
My 1, 7, 3, 4, is a part of the body.
My 8, 5, 3, is a heavenly body.
My whole is a country in South America.
A. L. ROCKY.

Rebus.

The god of the Asiatic Tartars.
A precious stone.
The goddess of fire.
A title of dignity among the Turks.
A celebrated Egyptian statue.
An ancient name of England.
A water spirit.
A festival of the Christian church.
An Italian silver coin.
A plant.
A dictionary.
An aromatic plant.
A bird.
A musical instrument.
A figure whose angles are equal.
A metal.
A color.
A native of India.
A celebrated mountain in Greece.
The ancient royal standard of France.
An angel.
A steward.
A mineral.
A game.
A tree.
A fabulous region.
My whole is a quotation. ALEXIA.
Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Problem.

It is required to find a sum of money, of which, in the space of 4 years, the true discount, at simple interest, is $5 more at the rate of 6 than of 4 per cent. per annum.
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

There is a field of grain, containing 24 acres, whose shape is an oblong square, measuring around its four sides, or the perimeter thereof, 248 perches. I am entitled to 8 acres and 64 perches thereof. Who can tell me how broad I may reap off around the field, equal breadth from all the four sides of said field, to harvest my part and no more? HILDEBERT KOBEL.
☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

In one side of a conical pile of sand, which was 4 feet high, and 5 feet through at the base, a perpendicular rod was inserted to the ground, one-half of the rod penetrating the sand and one-half remaining above; the top of the rod and top of the sand pile were found to be 2 feet asunder. Required the length of the rod.
JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What class of city people raise the most flour? Ans.—The Bakers.

☞ Which are the most affectionate times. Ans.—When everything is as dear as it can be.

☞ What is the first thing we swallow and the last we give up? Ans.—Breath.

☞ Does the brow of a hill ever become wrinkled? Ans.—We have often seen it furrowed."

☞ What sticks won't bear whittling? Ans.—Fiddlesticks.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Eva, Brinley's Station, Ohio. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." CHARADE—Baltimore.

HASHED BEEF OR MUTTON.—Slice and brown one large onion with a small piece of butter in an iron saucepan; then add one teaspoonful of moist sugar, which also brown well. Mix in a small cup a dessert-spoonful of flour with a little water. Pour this into the saucepan, mix well, and add a breakfast cupfull of good plain beef or veal gravy, stirring occasionally. Cut your cold beef or mutton into thin slices, pepper it, and put into the saucepan with a bunch of sage. Let the whole stew until it boils. Serve up garnished with pieces of toast, as is the English custom.

TOAST AND CHEESE.—Cut a slice of bread about half an inch thick; pare off the crust, and toast it very slightly on one side, so as just to brown it, without making it hard, or burning it. Cut a slice of cheese a quarter of an inch thick, not so big as the bread by half an inch on each side; pare off the rind, cut off all the specks and rotten parts, and lay it on the toasted bread in a cheese-toaster; carefully watch it that it does not burn, and stir it with a spoon to prevent a pellicle forming on the surface. Have ready good mustard, pepper, and salt. If you observe the directions here given, the cheese will eat mellow, and will be uniformly done, and the bread crisp and soft, and will well deserve its ancient appellation of a "rare bit."

IRISH STEW.—Take a piece of loin or back-ribs of mutton, and cut it into chops. Put it in a stewpan with pared, raw potatoes, sliced onions to taste, pepper, salt, and a little water. Put this on to stew slowly for an hour, covered very close; and shake it occasionally, to prevent it from sticking to the bottom.

CHARLOTTE OF APPLES.—Put one quart of cored and peeled apples, half tablespoon of sugar, half gill of water, piece of cinnamon, in a saucepan. Cook. Then strain it through a culander.

Line a tin mould with bread crumbs, using melted butter to stick them on. Put in the apple. Put bread crumbs on top; and set in the oven.

When well baked, reverse the pan or mould on a dish and the apples comes out shaped, ready to serve.

PLAIN WHITE CAKE. — Cream a pound and a quarter of butter, and beat it into a pound and a half of sugar and a pound and a half of flour alternately with the beaten whites of thirty eggs. Flavor with lemon or rose-water.